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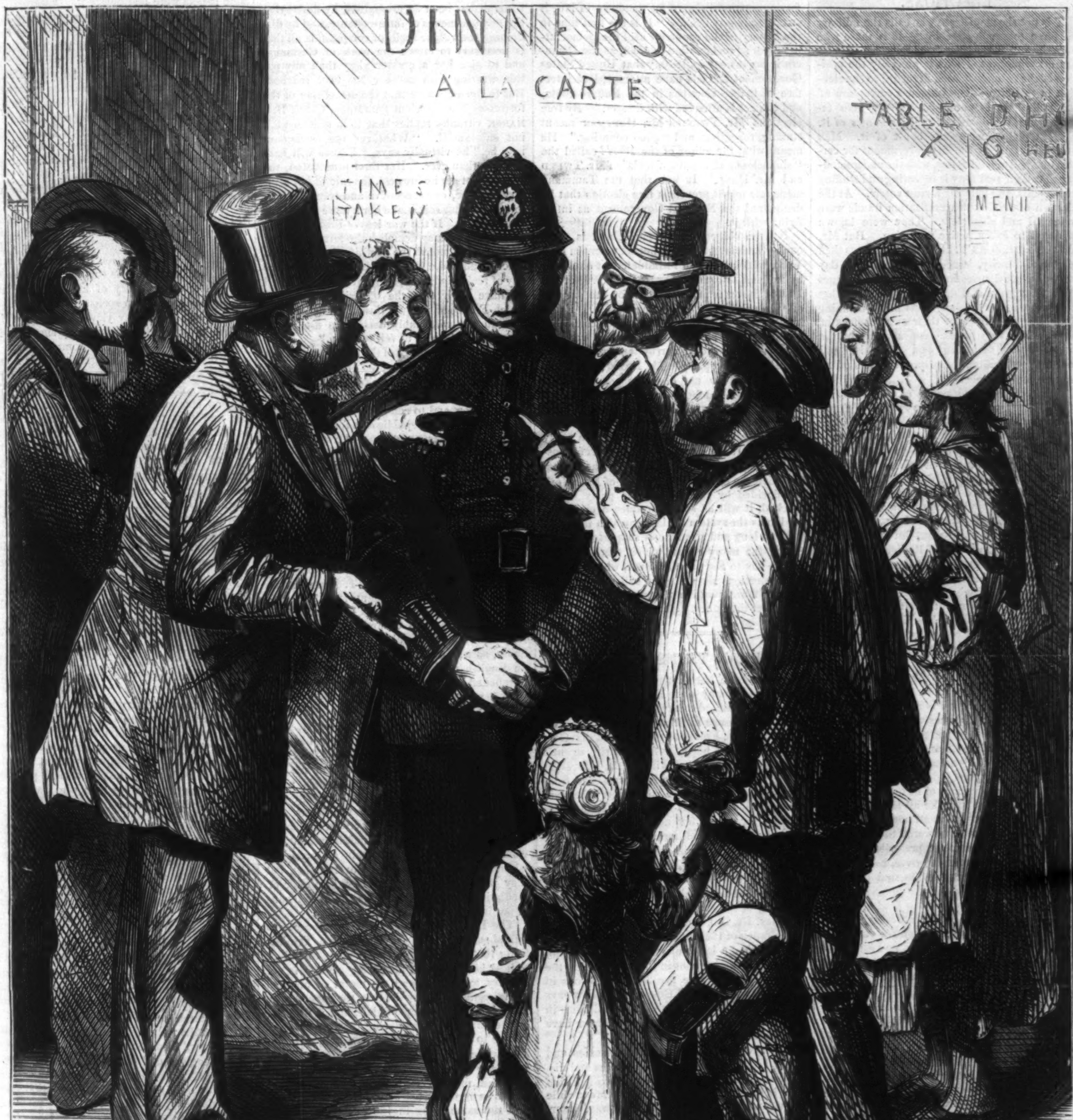


FRENCH REFUGEES IN LONDON.—[See Page 722.]

FRENCH REFUGEES IN LONDON.

The city of London is full of fugitives from the war. There are a few Germans among them, who fled to avoid military duty; but the great majority are French, for the most part women and children and elderly men. The more opulent among them, driving in open carriages through the parks and gardens, or lounging in the fashionable promenades, give an unusual air of vivacity to the British capital. Ever since the gates of Paris were closed, say the London papers, one may hear almost as much French as English spoken in the streets and restaurants; and Regent Street appears to be as completely occupied by the French as Boulogne is by the English. The illustration on our first page will give our readers a graphic idea of the character of this social "invasion" of England.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, November 12, 1870.

THE PROVISION FOR HONEST ELECTIONS.

It is not the magistrate who calls the military force to support the laws—it is those who force him to that action who are responsible for the consequences. This is precisely the position of the Administration in regard to the election in this city. The immense corruption of the polls here is notorious. Every man familiar with the details of politics knows of it. Certain politicians openly boast of it. Men are largely paid by the city government for certain nominal official duties, with the understanding that their real duty is repeating and stuffing at the polls, and bullying honest voters. At the election of 1868 the naturalization frauds were universal and shameless. They were known in detail to every active politician. But Mr. Tweed's Mr. John T. Hoffman, who was then Mayor of the city, issued a proclamation a day or two before the election declaring the charges of fraud "gross and unfounded," stating that they were made by dangerous men—meaning Republicans—"to cover their own schemes of fraud, which they hope to consummate by the aid of untried or unpardoned criminals," and that they were intended to produce acts of resistance and violence.

This reckless performance of Mr. Tweed's official agent was part of the system of fraud which was intended to secure that agent's apparent election as Governor. And the untruthfulness of the declarations of the Mayor was established by the statement of Mr. Tweed's present newspaper organ, the *World*, the editor of which asserted in his paper that he saw "the shameless and cunning frauds" of Mr. Tweed and Mr. A. Oakey Hall, the present Mayor. The subsequent investigation by a committee of the House of Representatives of the United States established the fact of these frauds in detail beyond any question; and in pursuance of its highest duty to protect the purity of the government at its very source, Congress passed a law to defend, so far as possible, the honesty of the polls, which was approved by the President on the 31st of May, 1870.

As the election of this year approached, the opposition to this law upon the part of the Democratic party, which is as much identified now with electoral dishonesty as it was formerly with slavery, became bitter and intense. Its organs denounced the law as unconstitutional, as if each House of Congress, which is made by the Constitution "the judge of the elections, returns, and qualifications of its own members," which is authorized to make all laws necessary for carrying into execution all powers vested in it, and which is even empowered to change the times, places, and manner prescribed by the States for electing representatives, had no constitutional authority to provide that the election of its members should be honest! Perceiving the hopeless folly of this kind of assault upon a law which could have no other purpose than the protection of the rightful voter, the organs of the Democratic party, and especially Mr. Tweed's present organ, the *World*, declared that the law was an "unabashed attempt" to provoke people "to go to the polls with arms in their hands."

This was, of course, intended both as a threat and a suggestion. It was an open and flagrant incitement to forcible resistance. And to whom was it addressed? To the July rioters of 1863, the men who burned orphan asylums, and massacred the most helpless and innocent poor people in the city; the "friends" of ex-Governor Horatio Seymour, who first incited the riots by his speech in the Academy of Music on the Fourth of July; and then, when his words sprang up armed men, sent a messenger to ask the National Government to yield to the demand of the mob. It was addressed to the most ignorant and lawless class of the population in a city where they knew that their political party was in a great majority, and where the judges were elected by themselves; a city of which the chief magistrate was publicly denounced as a shameless corruptionist by his own party associates; in a State of which Mr. Tweed's agent has been elected Governor by the very frauds which he officially denied. The managers of these frauds, having elected their agent Governor of the State, had openly declared at Tammany Hall that he was their candidate for President in 1872. But to that result it was more than ever necessary that he should seem to carry the State now. That any fraud necessary to this result would be perpetrated no intelligent person doubts. The law of Congress was, therefore, not passed a moment too soon. Its probable efficiency is seen in the rancorous opposition of the party of fraud.

But under the circumstances of which we have reminded our readers, and which are familiar to every citizen of New York, in the face of angry threats of resistance, it would have been inexcusable in the National Government if it had not taken the measures essential to secure the protection of honest voters by the prompt enforcement of the law. The outcry against it is exactly that of Mr. Hoffman's proclamation protecting the frauds in 1868, of which we have constantly reminded our readers, because it was one of the most alarming documents ever issued under official sanction in this country. Professing a painful regard for the forms of law, it struck at liberty itself. "It is the first time in the history of the country," said the Democratic Mayor's proclamation in 1868, as the Democratic organs say in 1870, "that United States Government officials have attempted to interfere with free elections in the Empire State, and the act is attended with danger." By free elections Mr. Tweed's Mr. Hoffman meant stuffing, repeating, and "good counting." He meant what the editor of the *World* called the "shameless and cunning frauds" of Mr. Tweed and Mr. Hall. It was that the Tammany managers might prevent a free election that he denounced the National Government as interfering with it.

It is an old confidence game, and is thoroughly understood. The honest voters in New York, who have been intimidated at the polls by ruffians, know whether, if the power of the United States is at hand, it is for the purpose of "coercing" or "protecting" them. Every intelligent man in the country understands that nothing would so surely lead to civil commotion as the electoral corruption practiced by the Democratic party. A Presidential election, decided by the electoral votes of New York, which had been carried by the means that made Mr. Tweed's agent Governor of the State, would not be accepted by the country with equanimity. It is in no sense a party question. It is a question of the peaceful possibility of popular government. If the system by which the elections in the city of New York are decided by the Democratic party is not checked, it will as surely produce a civil convulsion as the system of slavery which the same party so long and strenuously supported. And among the many claims which this Administration has to the popular favor, which the autumn elections show that it still enjoys, there is none more positive than its determination to protect the honest voter at the polls.

GERMAN TERMS OF PEACE.

There have been renewed efforts at peace between Germany and France. But Count Bismarck is stated to have remarked that there could be no peace until there was a recognized Government in France to ratify it, and that Germany could not hope for full security against her dangerous neighbor without the possession of the provinces that have been wrenched from her by France. Assuming the report to be true, the situation becomes clearer. Germany is anxious for peace, but not from fear. If an armistice be granted for the purpose of the French elections, it will only be upon conditions favorable to Germany. The military operations are not favorable to France, nor is there any evidence that they are likely to become so. The suffering of the country must be indescribable. The Rev. Dr. Bellows, President of the American Branch of the International Relief Society, has published a letter of ex-Minister Sanford at Brussels, stating that in the region along the Belgian frontier there are 200,000 persons in peril of starvation, and Colonel Krutzow says that twice as many—nearly half a million—in the whole district over which the armies have swept are starving.

Moreover, there come from Marseilles and Lyons accounts of political differences and disturbances, and it is impossible not to feel that the whole nation is disintegrating. Meanwhile the movements of other powers toward intervention are limited to polite appeals. No Government proposes to lend actual assistance to France, or to command Germany to desist.

The simple situation, therefore, is this: Germany has conquered France, and is overrunning the country in every direction. Her military skill is immeasurably superior, and her military force resistless. France is crumbling under her tread, and Germany dictates terms as a conqueror. Those terms are the cession of Alsace and Lorraine. France replies, "Never!" and can do nothing. The other powers protest that Germany is severe, but they will do nothing. And they will do nothing because the terms of Germany are not unusual, and are justified by the precedents of every country in Europe, including France herself. Indeed, not only did France undertake the war for the purpose of taking more German territory, but the very provinces in dispute were "wrenched from Germany" by France more than two centuries ago. Germany, also, is in full possession of them to-day, and France is utterly unable to dislodge her. Nothing but a hostile European alliance against Germany could dispossess her of the new territory. But which of the European monarchies shows any disposition to ally itself with the phantom of a republic; and which of them, with their hands full of conquered provinces, will command Germany to renounce her conquests?

This, indeed, is not the settlement we had hoped from Germany, because the German official acts and words during the war have indicated a very high regard for the good opinion of civilization. The demolition of the fortresses under the guarantee of Europe would be all the security which Germany naturally and justly desires. To end so great a war, in which the triumph has been so prodigious, by destroying the obvious means of future offense, and by disdaining the vulgar spoils of conquest, is all that is necessary to crown the work of Germany, and to give her a greater glory than any nation warring with another has ever reached. But to the argument that the demolition of the fortresses is a sufficient guarantee, Count Bismarck virtually replies that it is sentimental, not substantial. "Whatever the settlement may be," he virtually says, "France will hate us more than ever. Her total prostration, the exposure of her hollowness, the ruin of her military prestige, our successive and incessant victories upon her soil, make her a more deadly foe than before. If the war leaves France utterly exhausted, we may demolish the fortresses; but we can not demolish the hostility that will build others, and make France a camp ready for the day of reckoning. Another war must come, and we have fairly won the offensive advantages which France has always turned against us, and we can not reasonably decline to use them. This alone will give us full security."

Germany is the judge of the situation, and this is her judgment. We see no present reason to doubt that Europe will acquiesce. To say that the terms are hard is to say what is always said of the victor, and to complain that it is a monarchy oppressing a republic is to forget that thus far the republic is a mere *coup d'état*.

A FEW REMINISCENCES.

Mr. August Belmont was president of the Tammany ratification meeting in New York, and in his opening address announced that the country was tired of radical misrule, and wanted a Democratic Administration; and presently the banner appeared, "John T. Hoffman for Governor, 1870; for President, 1872."

Mr. August Belmont was chairman of the Democratic National Committee in 1864, and fully represented the spirit of his party. In his house, as was publicly announced at the time, an English nobleman wore a secession badge unrebuked by the host, who was very angry with a young Union officer who resented the insult to his country. While he was still the official leader of the Democratic party, Lord Lyons, the English minister, wrote to his Government: "Several of the leaders of the Democratic party sought interviews with me...... The subject uppermost in their minds, while they were speaking to me, was naturally that of foreign mediation between the North and the South. If their own party were in power, or virtually controlled the Administration, they would rather, if possible, obtain an armistice without the aid of foreign Governments, but they would be disposed to accept an offer of mediation if it appeared to be the only means of putting a stop to hostilities."

The Democrats say that they prefer not to talk about the past. Of course not. The last thing that a Democrat should wish to tell or to hear is the story of his party. But it is not so very long past; and the moral of political reminiscence just now is, that the Democratic party is led by the same chiefs, and is inspired by the same spirit, as during the war, while it refuses to acquiesce in reconstruction, or to acknowledge the validity of the amendments. Mr. Belmont says now that the country is tired of radical misrule. The Chicago Convention, which, as national chairman, he called to order, said the same thing in 1864. It said that it was "the sense of the American people" that the war was a failure, that the Constitution had been disregarded in every part, that public liberty and private right had alike been trodden down, and that justice, humanity, liberty, and the public welfare demanded a cessation of the war.

Mr. Belmont and his party had no comprehension whatever of the loyal spirit and purpose of the American people then, because they were merely a political organization to secure the ascendency of the slavery aristocracy. They have no comprehension of the spirit and purpose of the same people now. They do not understand that the autumn elections, upon which Mr. Belmont congratulates his friends, show that the Republican party will still control the Government, and that the country is not yet ready to trust those who would have betrayed it only six years ago.

Mr. Horatio Seymour wisely confined his efforts to a treatise upon the Erie Canal, while Mr. S. S. Cox, whom the *Evening Post* commends as a candidate for Congress, did not remind his audience that he said in Chicago, in 1864, according to a report of his speech, which we have not known him to question, "Lincoln and Davis ought to be brought to the same block together."

The people, as appears from the elections thus far, do not think that the height of practical wisdom in politics is to shut your eyes and to refuse to remember.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.

The American Social Science Association, which a year ago held a meeting in New York, met this year in Philadelphia, and several valuable papers were laid before it. Electoral Reform, the Civil Service Reform, Minority Representation in Europe, the Annexation of Canada, the Relations of Business Men to National Legislation, were the titles of some of the papers; and the subjects, with the writers, show that the attention of the association is earnestly directed, among its other objects, to practical measures of political progress in the improvement of political methods. The objection that it is an association of theorists and speculators, who consider every thing but human nature and the facts of the case, is one of those easy, flippant objections always urged by the thoughtless against the thoughtful, and is an expression of a very general infidelity in regard to the great laws which govern political action and development. Indeed, one of the chief purposes of the association for some time must be to show that there is such a thing as social science, or a possibility of knowing the laws which regulate human society.

This happy-go-lucky view of society, which laughs at political economy, and sneers at intelligence and thought and common-sense as what it pleasantly calls impracticable, is a very popular view. But it is none the less absurd. It is the source of the opinion that any body is good enough for a legislator or a civil officer, and that to try to manage the ordinary business of the country as ordinary successful business is managed elsewhere is mere pedantry and dreaming. But intelligent thought upon any subject is never a disadvantage. To collect facts, to compare results, to draw conclusions, is, perhaps, as practical a method of treating important questions as to empty the mind and guess. Yet upon the great points of political science we are in this country chiefly students of foreigners, when we are students at all. Political science, since the earliest days of our history as a nation, has been scarcely studied. We have had a theory that popular government is a very simple affair, which mainly "runs itself," and we have cultivated a horror or contempt of political thinkers, as if they were necessarily visionary. It is, indeed, lucky if education itself is not regarded as "aristocratic."

Now one of the very first services of the Social Science Association is to show that ignorance and prejudice and routine are not the necessary conditions of public improvement, and that as thought helps invention, machinery, and trade, so it helps political progress. The association enables men who have made special studies of particular subjects to present the results of the inquiries which few of the rest of us have the time or the taste to make. For instance, it occurs to a thoughtful man that the rule of the majority may often be very unjust, and hostile to the real popular principle. But the universal tradition is that the majority must govern, however coarse a method it may be, and sometimes palpably disastrous. Our thinker admits that the majority must govern, but he asks whether it follows that the minority must be silenced. From this he proceeds to show in the plainest and most practical manner how the minority may be represented while the majority governs. Thus one of the most vital requirements of good government is satisfied, and the "theorist," the "speculator," the "visionary," has done what no statesman was wise enough to do.

Indeed, if the Social Science Association should do nothing more than stimulate thought upon similar political problems, it would be a unique and most serviceable society. As it is, its volumes of transactions are quite indispensable to those who would know the best American thought upon several most pressing topics of public concern.

INTERNATIONAL RIGHT AND LOCAL LAW.

The latest contributions to the literature of the *Alabama* question are the letter of Mr. John A. Parker, the President of the Great Western Insurance Company, addressed to ex-Senator Frelinghuysen, and an article by President Woolsey, of Yale College, in the *North*

American Review for October, of which Mr. Mountague Bernard's book upon the neutrality of Great Britain is the text. Mr. Parker's letter states that the British Government is ready to pay all American citizens who suffered loss by the *Alabama*, but that Lord Clarendon, who was consulted, said that perhaps this very payment might be considered by our Government another British offense; and the letter accuses the United States Government of legal and diplomatic error in the conduct of the negotiation. But Mr. Parker himself falls into an extraordinary error when he supposes that a private citizen can complain of a sovereign power for a violation of international law. The offense of Great Britain was against the United States by a breach of the law of nations. Great Britain is, therefore, responsible to the United States, which seeks not only reparation for the particular offense, but a guarantee against its repetition. The Reverdy Johnson treaty was repudiated by public opinion in this country because it regarded the *Alabama* question as one of damages merely, while it was even more conspicuously a question of guarantees. The vital point of the controversy would be left untouched if the United States should consent to the private settlement of claims.

Great Britain pleads that we can not go behind local state law to enforce international obligation. We claim that international duty is independent of state law. This is the substance of the controversy; and the question of special damages is quite subordinate. If Great Britain should pay all the damages claimed, nothing would be settled except those claims. Or if Great Britain should insist that she observed strictly her own law, and declined to pay, and we admitted that she *had* observed it, the inquiry would still remain whether our rights under international law are subject to the local legislation of any country. How if there were no law at all? Are international obligations thereby suspended? The action of Great Britain in modifying the local law of neutrality at the instance of Prussia, to secure international rights more fully, is a confession that the local law should be adequate to that protection, and that during our war it was not adequate. And before this, in 1868, as President Woolsey reminds us, a Parliamentary Commission reported that the stringency of the British local law should be increased. These are facts that point to a possible good understanding upon the essential point, and the satisfactory settlement of claims will, of course, follow.

When Mr. Parker accuses the Government of delaying the settlement for political reasons, and indicates very distinctly his own political sympathies by saying, "It is known that the Government is holding these claims in abeyance for purposes of its own—to accomplish objects of personal and political ambition and popularity," he also reveals a similar ignorance of the essence of the controversy. Mr. Reverdy Johnson's opinion, which he mentions, that England would probably pay a portion of the claims if properly represented, is an opinion which needs the corroboration of any direct or indirect approval of any member of the British Government, or of any informed Englishman; while the remark of Lord Clarendon to "our friend" was merely a question which could not be answered except by the Government of the United States, and was, if it could be considered any thing more than a polite diplomatic evasion, a reference of the whole matter to what Lord Clarendon knew, whatever "our friend" might have known, to be the only principal in the case.

The wisdom of a certain delay in pressing the negotiation has certainly been vindicated by the event. There is much greater general knowledge of the facts; there is consequently a much more reasonable feeling upon both sides; and the probability of a pacific solution of the difficulty, both by payment of damages and ample security against similar occurrences, is greater than it could possibly have been had we peremptorily demanded a settlement in the height of exasperation which followed the war and the Reverdy Johnson treaty.

"STATE'S EVIDENCE" AGAINST TAMMANY.

In the last session of the New York Legislature Mr. Thomas J. Creamer was a Senator from the city of New York. He was then very strongly opposed to the government of the city by the Tammany Ring, and in a speech in the Senate Mr. Creamer, according to a careful report in the New York *World*, made the following remarks:

"I trust that all other legislation will in a manner cease until laws are passed that will protect the purity of the ballot-box, and give the people of New York in fact what they have now only in name—a republican form of government. Sir, what a farce it is for us to sit here creating corporations and charters, and passing bills day after day to perfect the various departments of our government, when the very foundation-stone of a republican government is rotten to the core! What a farce it is for us to sit here and legislate, as representatives in a republican government, when the election system upon which such a government rests has been undermined, and is as corrupt as hell!"

This is testimony which, like that of the editor of the New York *World* to the same effect, will not be suspected of Republican origin. The fact that since his speech in the Senate Mr. Creamer has been taken into favor by Tammany Hall, and is silent, does not affect the truth of his statement. The movement of the "Young Democracy" last spring had this public advantage at least, that it produced an immense amount of "state's evidence" of the utter corruption of Tammany Hall.

NOTES.

Mr. John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts, who went over from the Republican to the Democratic party in company with Mr. Andrew Johnson and Mr. Montgomery Blair, seeking, with those worthy men, political purity and peace, has recently made a speech about his old friends and party. In the fury of his onslaught he even surpasses Mr. Phillips. To use a phrase irresistibly suggested by the amusing recklessness of his speech, he "sloshes round generally," and his hearers must have suspected that they beheld the original "old Joe kicking up ahind and afore." There are few follies, outrages, and crimes of which, in his opinion, the infamous Republican party is not guilty. So Mr. John Quincy Adams, for his part, has come out of Sodom. Flying from what he calls "the great, original, and supreme outrage—reconstruction," and seeking a government which will not "dandle" nor oppress the people with taxes, he joins himself to Mr. Tweed. Sighing for an honest regard for the right of the people to manage their own investments, he turns with relief to Mr. Tweed's Mr. Hoffman. Looking for honor in politics he cleaves to the Honorable Fernando Wood and Mr. James Fisk, Jun. Pining for official dignity and self-respect, he embraces Mr. A. Oakey Hall in green clothes. Loathing corruption, by which he says the Republican party lives, moves, and has its being, he turns with satisfaction to Tammany Hall. Indeed, it is an immense relief to the disgusted soul of Mr. John Quincy Adams to find Paradise close by this reeking, bottomless pit of Republicanism from which he has providentially emerged, and to know that the other name of purity, principle, progress, intelligence, and honesty is the Democratic party. Mr. Tweed probably feels the sneer which Talleyrand expressed, "*Surtout, mon ami, point de zèle!*"

The "Capital Convention" has not made a profound impression. The chief points of interest seem to have been a letter of Mr. Greeley's, which was read, and one of Mr. Forney's, which was not. Indeed, the main business of the Convention was the debate upon the reading of the latter. It adjourned upon the first day before it reached a decision. The next day it resolved to read it, and then the letter could not be found. As Mr. Greeley advised the removal of the capital to New York, so Mr. Forney probably recommended Philadelphia as its proper seat. Certainly he would have had tradition in his favor. The Convention wisely did no more than appoint an Executive Committee "to take charge of the whole subject," and then adjourned *sine die*. It has had, however, the good effect of showing that there is really very little feeling upon the subject in the country. Nor can any good reason be suggested, at a time when the facilities of travel so rapidly increase, for the enormous waste of the public money that must attend the desertion of the present government buildings and the erection of new. Economy, upon which the mind of the country is so properly bent, demands at least the delay of such expenses until their occasion is justified.

The little telegram that on the 26th of October General Von Moltke celebrated his seventieth birthday at Versailles recalls the fact that few great soldiers have made their fame at so advanced an age as he. It is only within a very few years that he has been recognized as the greatest of living generals. In older history Alexander the Great had conquered the world when he was thirty-two. At twenty-five Hannibal was commander-in-chief of the Carthaginian armies. At thirty-three Turenne was Marshal of France. At twenty-seven Bonaparte was triumphant in Italy. At thirty-three Frederick the Great was acknowledged as the first soldier of his time. Gustavus Adolphus defeated Tilly, his greatest opponent, at thirty-seven. Before he was twenty Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma, was a famous soldier. At twenty-one Don John, of Austria, was commander-in-chief. At forty-five Wellington had conquered Bonaparte. In our own day and country, on his forty-fifth birthday, Sherman was marching to the sea; and before he was forty-three Grant had fought it out on that line to victory. At the same age Washington was commander-in-chief. But Von Moltke is not only remarkable for conducting the most imposing and effective series of military operations at so ripe an age, but for doing it as a student, and what Napoleon would have contemptuously called a pedant. He must unquestionably rank among the generals of the very greatest military genius.

We recently mentioned with regret the arrest and imprisonment of Dr. Jacoby, the German republican leader. It was a stupid blunder, because it could not fail to alienate the very sentiment which Germany has so wisely and steadily propitiated. We are therefore very glad to know that the German Government has not only ordered the release of Jacoby, but has sharply censured General Von Falkenstein for his repression of free speech at public meetings. It is certainly powerful enough to tolerate any expression of opposition, and any criticism of its policy. The German Government is rigorously monarchical; but unlike the old description of Russia, that it was a despotism tempered by assassination, Prussia is a despotism tempered by intelligence and sagacity. The monarchy will undoubtedly be stronger for the truly wonderful triumphs of Germany in the war; but also the national feeling and the confidence in German unity will be confirmed. With immense sagacity the German monarchy conforms to the spirit of the age, and it is in this that the superior genius of Bismarck is apparent. Under the statesman Bismarck and the soldier Moltke Germany reaches a greater glory than ever before.

The war in France has so entirely occupied public attention that the nomination of the Duke of Aosta to the Spanish crown, and his acceptance, have been hardly observed. The Duke is the second son of the King of Italy. He is twenty-five years old, and is Vice-Admiral of the Italian navy. That his elevation to the throne is agreeable to the Prussian Government there can be little question, and it cements the good understanding of the Italian and Prussian crowns. But that, which was formerly the chief consideration, is now quite subordinate to that of the satisfaction of the people. Probably the Germans have no other interest than that upon such a point the Spaniards should be satisfied. And if, as seems to be likely, the Spaniards prefer a monarchical system, they probably expect to look out of the country for a king, and the Italian prince may be as agreeable as any other. But the whole tendency of European politics is unmistakable, and nothing but convenience now hedges a king.

There must be great comfort to many readers in prodigious head-lines in newspapers, or they would not be used. Thus in the American advocate of Louis Napoleon's empire we read one day in the tallest capitals "France Firm." The next day, in the same place and type, we have "The Fall of Metz." Or we read with interest, "Bourbaki saves Amiens;" and hastening through the telegrams to find the details, we discover that it is announced from Tours—whence the same advocate gave us the detailed story of the triumphant escape of Bazaine from Metz—that "the Government here considers that his [Bourbaki's] march to the assistance of Amiens saved that city from attack and bombardment." Nothing could be more ridiculous than the publication of such stuff, except the emphatic head-lining of it as important news. Indeed, the question must soon be entertained whether there are any French people or Government, while the thought of the suffering of the country is appalling, and its future so gloomy as to be incalculable.

The Pope has formally suspended the session of the Œcumenical Council, alleging that there has been a sacrilegious invasion of the territory of the Church, which might prevent its freedom of action. But the Italian Government promptly replied that there was no reason whatever for such a suspicion, and that there is no obstacle to the meeting and free action of the Council. The profane might suggest that, as Papa Pio has obtained the great object for which he convoked the assembly—namely, the declaration of infallibility—he is perfectly willing to make capital by prohibiting its further deliberations under the pretense of apprehended interference from the new Government.

The publication of Secretary Cox's letter of resignation settles the question that he retires because of the reasons which we have already stated. "Our active political managers" interfered so grossly with the efficiency of the department that they or the Secretary must withdraw; and comprehending that under the circumstances, arising from a vicious system, for the present impregnably established, other and more immediately important purposes might be promoted by his resignation, he resigned. Secretary Cox left to the decision of the President the question whether the Administration could safely provoke the hostility of "our active political managers," and the President decided that it could not. Probably the decision was correct. Under the practice of every party, and the imperative political traditions of nearly half a century, the attempt to free the country of the incubus of patronage would have left the Administration powerless. But the fact should only the more plainly show us that the present system is one which costs us the services of the best men, and sinks us deeper and deeper in corruption.

Senator Conkling has written to Mr. John Quincy Adams in regard to the offensive remarks upon the Constitution which Mr. Adams attributed to a distinguished "radical Senator," and which were published in the New York *World* as Mr. Conkling's. The Senator states that he never made the remarks, nor said any thing like them, which was, of course, understood by every body but the most vehement partisan opponents. The grave repetition of the story, which Mr. Adams had probably casually seen in a newspaper, without the least evidence of its authenticity, is another illustration of the utter recklessness with which that gentleman conducts his campaign. But Mr. Adams ought to reflect that, as no possible caricature or misrepresentation of his opponents can procure his election, temperate truth-telling would be of much greater service to him hereafter.

Messrs. J. B. Ford & Co. publish "A Library of Poetry and Song, being choice Selections from the best Poets: with an Introduction by William Cullen Bryant." It is a large and well-printed book of double columns, illustrated with an admirable portrait of Mr. Bryant, with three or four wood-engravings, and fac-similes of the writing of many noted poets. It contains more than fifteen hundred selections from more than four hundred authors, and has one-fifth more matter, the publishers say, than any similar collection. Mr. Bryant is not the compiler of the work, but every poem has been subjected to his revision, and he has added or excluded at his pleasure. His introduction is a brief and pleasant sketch of the progress of English poetry, and his judgments will be accepted as admirable. In its general character and arrangement the "Library" is like Mr. Dana's "Household Book of Poetry," certainly one of the best selections ever made. This traverses substantially the same field and gathers very many of the same flowers, as is unavoidable. Like that, also, it is a delightful companion, or a store-house of sweets.

Mr. Thomas Nast, who is undeniably the foremost caricaturist of the day, has lately employed his talents in illustrating a humorous almanac for 1871. He has wisely avoided the field of politics in these illustrations, and aimed only to amuse. Among the best of the cuts are "The Landing of Columbus," "The Death of Queen Elizabeth," and "The Landing of the Pilgrims." The reader will be amused to trace in the faces of the latter the well-known lineaments of some of the living statesmen of Massachusetts.

Number 47 of *Harper's Bazar*, for November 19, will be issued with a very interesting and valuable mammoth Supplement, containing twenty-five full-sized patterns of winter wrappings and bonnets, superbly illustrated and carefully described, besides a very choice variety of literary matter and fine-art illustrations.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE MILITARY SITUATION IN FRANCE.

On the 27th of October the grand army of Marshal Bazaine, at Metz, comprising three Marshals of France, 66 generals, 6000 officers, and 173,000 troops, capitulated to the Prussian forces on the conditions of the surrender of M'Mahon's army at Sedan. The news excited the utmost consternation throughout France, and Marshal Bazaine was openly and vehemently accused of treachery. According to the statement of the Prussian General Von Zastrow, who held the woods of Vaux on the morning of August 19 (after the battle of Gravelotte), Bazaine could have avoided being inclosed in Metz. After he was thus inclosed he could have, according to citizens of Metz, made a sortie and joined M'Mahon more easily by far than M'Mahon could reach him. After most of Bazaine's cavalry and artillery horses had been eaten this proceeding was, of course, more difficult; still his movements are said to have lacked determination, and in the last two sorties to have been even frivolous. This is charged to a plot in behalf of the Regency, by which this army was to try to remain in *statu quo* until the conclusion of the war in Western France, and then was to become available, with Prussian consent, for Bonapartist purposes. Bazaine himself expected in that case to be the governor of the Prince Imperial, and the virtual regent.

Toward the end of the siege, Bazaine dared not show himself to his own men for fear of assassination, and the terribly relaxed discipline is assuredly the cause of the hasty capitulation, when a week's rations for all were on hand. On the morning of October 29 five soldiers lay dead of starvation at Montigny, while the staff still indulged in luxurious meals. Four days' rations were given to the entire army that morning (29th), but for two days previous they had received none. No beef nor pork had been obtainable at any price for a week; but on that morning, before any thing had arrived in town, the shops had plenty thereof, which goes to prove the charges current in the town that speculators had seized and concealed a quantity of food, and that a rational system of apportionment, such as existed during the last ten days of the siege, if introduced at first, and combined with requisitions, would have prevented much waste, and enabled the fortress to hold out a month longer.

On the 30th ult. the Government Council at Tours issued a proclamation to the people, charging Bazaine with treachery, and calling upon them to "raise their spirits and resolution to the fearful height of the perils that have fallen upon the country."

The surrender of Metz seems to have produced a stand-still in French military circles, though Garibaldi is operating on a small scale in the east, and bands of French volunteers, calling themselves the "Wild-Boars of Ardennes," are tearing up railroad tracks and otherwise interfering with the German communications. They have thrown off the track three trains filled with troops near Launois. Many of the soldiers were killed or wounded.

A Berlin dispatch of October 30 says: The King telegraphs as follows to the Queen:

"Versailles, *October* 29, 1870.

"The defeat of the two hostile armies which recently marched against us warrants me in conferring on our two commanders, Fritz and Frederick Charles, the batons of Field-Marshal—the first instances of such appointments in our family history. William."

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

The Italian Foreign Office has issued a circular to the foreign representatives of Italy, denying the assertions made in the recent papal bull relating to the Œcumenical Council, and declaring that the government has no intention of interfering with the independence of the Church.

The great powers have assented to the candidature of the Duke of Aosta for the throne of Spain.

The official consent of Queen Victoria has been given to the intended marriage of one of her daughters with the Marquis of Lorne.

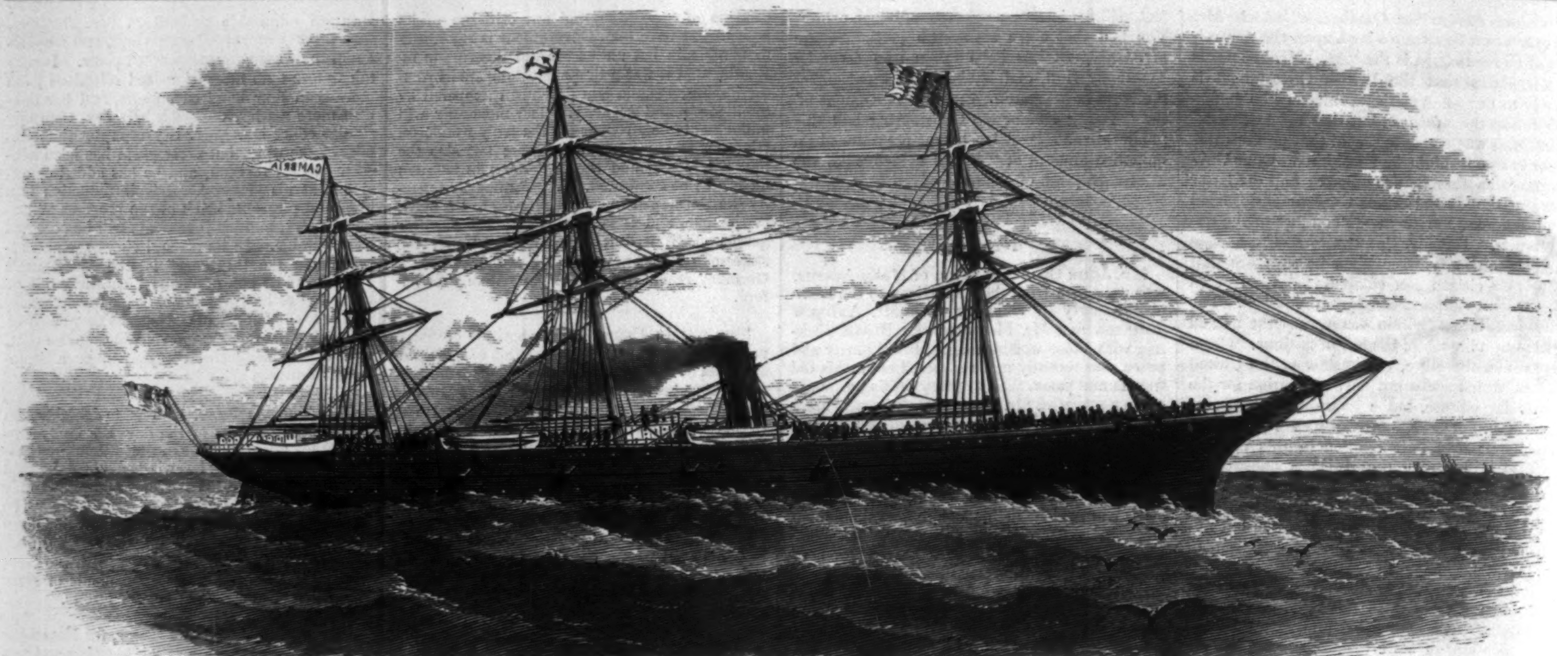
DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Senator Morton has formally declined the mission to England, on the ground that the Indiana Legislature, being Democratic now, would elect a Democrat to succeed him in the United States Senate, to permit which would be an impropriety on his part in connection with the interests of the administration.

During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1870, the Post-office receipts from the sale of stamps were $16,581,000, $1,409,000 in excess of the previous year.

The United States steamers *Nipsic*, *Frolic*, and *Guard* have returned from the Canadian fishing-grounds, the fishing season having closed. The senior officer of the squadron reports that five American vessels were seized for fishing within the prohibited limits. At one time there were eleven British war vessels in the vicinity of the grounds, some to refit and receive supplies. Nothing of an unpleasant character occurred. The catch was less favorable than in former seasons.

The First National Bank of Grafton, Worcester County, Massachusetts, was entered on Tuesday night, October 25, by burglars, who, after gagging and handcuffing the watchman, robbed the bank of between $200,000 and $300,000 in treasure and valuables, $100,000 of which was in government bonds.

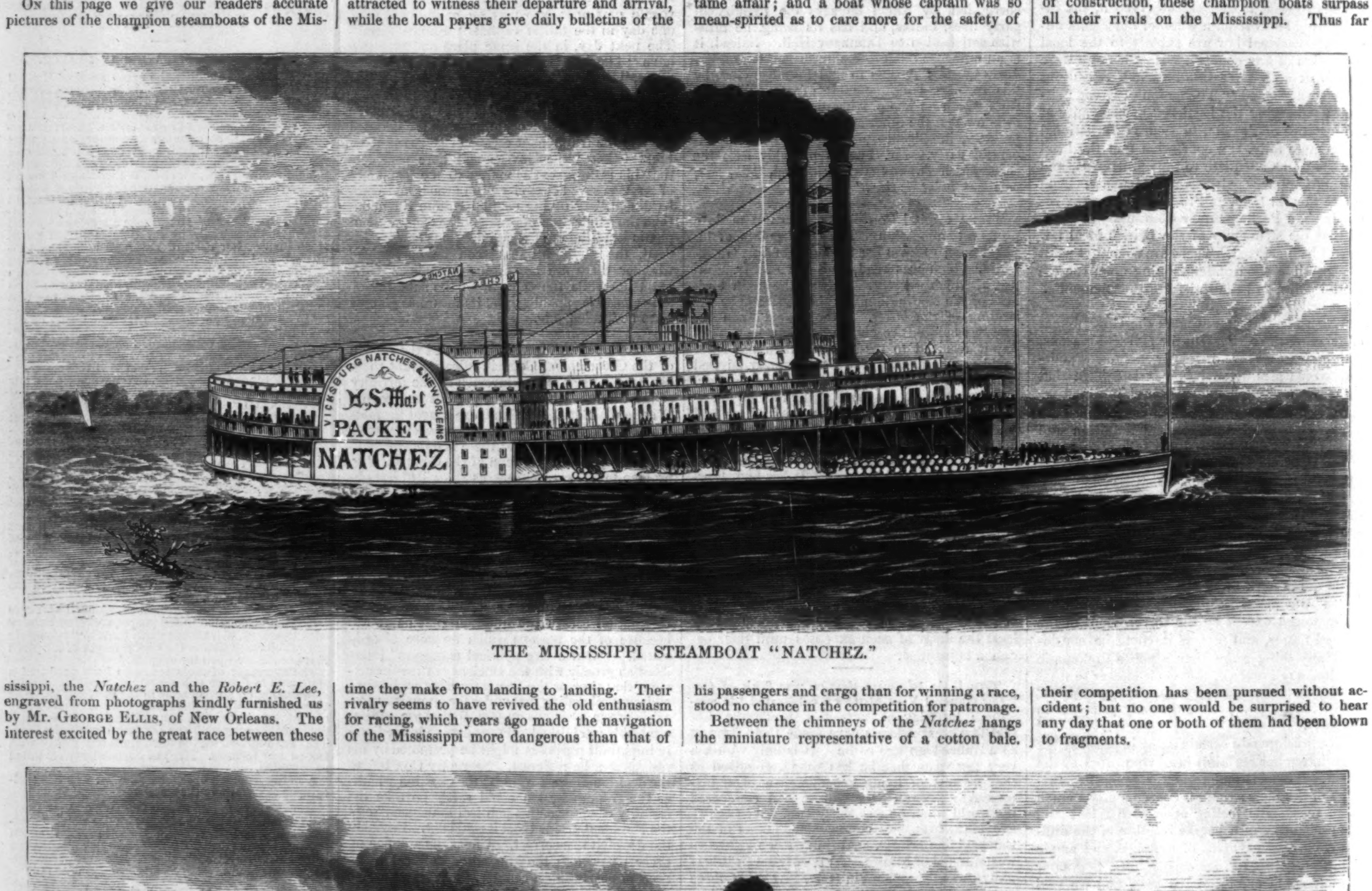


THE STEAMSHIP "CAMBRIA," WRECKED OFF THE COAST OF IRELAND OCTOBER 19.—[See Page 730.]

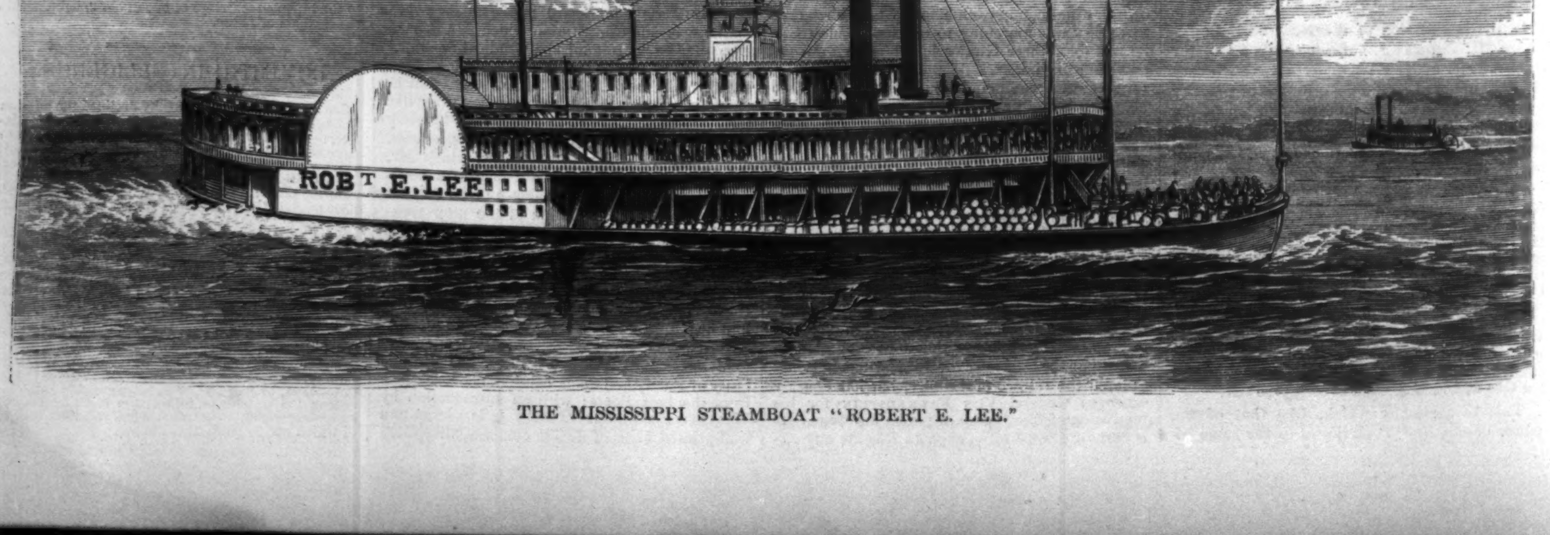
THE "NATCHEZ" AND "ROBERT E. LEE."

On this page we give our readers accurate pictures of the champion steamboats of the Mississippi, the *Natchez* and the *Robert E. Lee*, engraved from photographs kindly furnished us by Mr. George Ellis, of New Orleans. The interest excited by the great race between these boats, some months ago, has not yet died out, and even at New Orleans crowds of people are attracted to witness their departure and arrival, while the local papers give daily bulletins of the time they make from landing to landing. Their rivalry seems to have revived the old enthusiasm for racing, which years ago made the navigation of the Mississippi more dangerous than that of any other river in the world. A trip without an accident of some kind was considered a very tame affair; and a boat whose captain was so mean-spirited as to care more for the safety of his passengers and cargo than for winning a race, stood no chance in the competition for patronage.

Between the chimneys of the *Natchez* hangs the miniature representative of a cotton bale. The chimney-tops of the *Robert E. Lee* represent oak leaves. In finish, as well as strength of construction, these champion boats surpass all their rivals on the Mississippi. Thus far their competition has been pursued without accident; but no one would be surprised to hear any day that one or both of them had been blown to fragments.



THE MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOAT "NATCHEZ."



THE MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOAT "ROBERT E. LEE."

VIEW OF THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE, NOW ERECTING IN THE CITY HALL PARK.—[SEE PAGE 727.]

THE FIELDS ARE GRAY WITH IMMORTELLES.

THE sheep are sheltered in the fold,
The mists are marshaled on the hill,
The squirrel watches from his lair,
And every living thing is still:
The fields are gray with Immortelles!

The river, like a sluggish snake,
Creeps o'er the brown and bristly plain;
I hear the swinging of the pines
Betwixt the pauses of the rain
Down-dripping on the Immortelles!

And think of faces, slimy cold,
That flinch not under falling tears;
Meek-mouthed and heavy-lidded, and
With sleek hair put behind the ears,
And crowned with scentless Immortelles!

The partridge hath forgot her nest
Among the stubble by the rill;
In vain the lances of the frost
Seek for some tender thing to kill:
They can not hurt the Immortelles!

Sad empress of the stony fell!
Gray stoic of the blasted heath!
Dullest of flowers that ever bloomed,
And yet triumphant over death,
Oh, weird and winged Immortelle!

Lie lightly upon Nature's breast,
And cover up her altered face,
Lest we should shiver when we see
The brightness of its vernal grace
Grown grayer than the Immortelles!

The wind cries in the reedy marsh,
And wanders, sobbing, through the dell;
Poor, broken-hearted lover, he
For violets finds the Immortelle!
The Immortelle! The Immortelle!

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE SENTENCE.

RICHARD remained in the dock. The warder who had charge of him gave him the option of retiring, but he preferred to stay where he was till all was over. He had at last caught sight of his mother, straining her loving eyes toward him—with still some hope in them—from a distant corner of the gallery; and he kept his gaze fixed upon that spot. They had all the world against them now, these two, so clever, and yet so wholly unable to combat with inexorable fate. Harry's evidence, and especially the manner of it, had not needed Mr. Smoothbore's fiery scorn to turn all hearts against the accused. To the great mass of spectators it seemed as though Richard would have made the girl change places with himself, and become a vicarious sacrifice for his worthless self.

The majesty of the law having withdrawn itself, a hum of many voices filled the court-house; a munching of biscuits, a sipping of flasks. The silence of suspense no longer reigned. The struggle was virtually over, and the victim was only waiting his doom. It was hoped it would be a severe one. The spectators were pitiless, and had turned their thumbs toward their breasts. As to the verdict there was no doubt. Those who knew the character of the judge opined that this young gentleman would "get it hot," notwithstanding that this was his first offense. Odds were taken that he would have fourteen years. "At all events," said one of the small officials, in answer to eager inquiries, "more than he could do on his head." With this enigmatical reply of the oracle its astonished questioners were compelled to be content.

"Silence in the court—si-lence." The judge had returned. It was thought by some that it was in the prisoner's favor that the judge had lunched. They were mistaken, or perhaps a fatal economy had provided African sherry. His charge was scarcely less dead against the prisoner than had been Mr. Smoothbore's closing speech. As for the motive, upon which such stress had been laid by the counsel for the defense, that might be a plea for a recommendation to mercy, if the jury believed it, but it could not affect the question of the prisoner's guilt. That the stolen property had been found in the possession of the accused there was no sort of doubt. If the prisoner at the bar had not himself taken it out of the prosecutor's strong-box, who had?

Such was the form in which the case was left for the jury.

"It's U P," whispered Mr. Weasel behind his hand to Mr. Balais. Mr. Balais nodded indifferently; the case was over so far as he was concerned, and he was not going to employ significant action gratuitously. That would have been waste of power indeed at his age. The jury did not leave the box; they laid their heads together, like a hydra, and "deliberated" for half a minute; that is to say, the foreman whispered, "We can return but one verdict, I should say, gentlemen;" and the eleven answered, "But one."

"We find the prisoner guilty, your lordship."

His lordship nodded approval. "In my opinion, gentlemen, you could not have done otherwise. Hem!" Then that common phrase, "You could have heard a pin drop," might have been used with respect to that vast assemblage. That "hem!" was a very fatal sign with Mr. Justice Bantam, as the bar well knew.

"I'll take you six to five in sovs he gives him seven years," whispered one learned gentleman to another, without moving his lips.

"It seems to me you are rather fond of a good thing," returned the other, scornfully, but with a like precaution.

"Hem!" said the judge again. "Is there any one in court able to give any information concerning the antecedents of the prisoner?"

"We have no witnesses to character, my lud," said Mr. Balais, gravely; "we had hoped it would not have been necessary."

"There *is* a witness in court, please your ludship, a detective of the A division of metropolitan police, I believe," observed Mr. Smoothbore, "who knows something of the prisoner."

"Let him stand up," said the judge.

Here was an extra excitement—an additional attraction, which had not been advertised in the bills—and the public evinced their satisfaction accordingly by craning and crowding. Richard turned his heated eyes in the direction of this new enemy. He had no hope of seeing a friend. The individual in question was unknown to him. He was a tall, quiet-looking man, whose face might have been carved out of box-wood, it was so hard and serious, but for its keen eyes, which seemed to meet his own with a look of recognition.

"I know the prisoner at the bar; that is to say, I have seen him on a previous occasion, when he passed under the name of Chandos, and on other occasions, as I believe, under other names. From information received I attended a competitive examination, under the authority of government."

"Do you mean that you were employed by the government, or that the examination was a government one?" interrupted the judge.

"You'll hear something now," whispered Mr. Weasel to Mr. Balais, "by Jove!"

"Both, my lord," explained the witness. "It had come to the knowledge of the government that there had been several cases of personation in the competitive examinations recently instituted both for the military and civil services. Not only were young gentlemen, who had apparently passed with credit, found grossly ignorant of the subjects which they had previously been examined upon, but their physical appearance was sometimes such as would have seemed to have disqualified them: it appeared incredible that they should have passed the preliminary medical examination. One was humpbacked; another almost blind. It was understood that some systematized scheme of imposture, of mispersonation, was at work to produce these results, and I was instructed to inquire into it. I did so. I came to the conclusion that only one person was concerned in the matter—the prisoner at the bar. I had had my suspicions of him for some time. I had seen him on three separate occasions as a candidate at public examinations. His nomination was correct and genuine, but (as I have since discovered) it had been issued to another person. He succeeded in every instance in obtaining the appointments in question for his employers, who received them in due course, though they have, I believe, since been canceled. In the case of Chandos, a letter was written, by the supposed successful candidate, to the authorities of the government branch—the India Board—under which he was to serve, so grossly misspelled that the fraud was at once suspected. In this instance the guilt was brought home to the prisoner by the confession of the young man Chandos himself, who paid over to him a considerable sum of money for the service in question. But I am now in a position to prove that on several other occasions the prisoner has committed the same offense; and, in short, if he may be said to have a calling, it is that of personating, at competitive examinations, young gentlemen of small ability, who are thus enabled to secure situations and appointments which they could otherwise never obtain."

Mr. Justice Bantam had his prejudices, but he had a fair and honest mind.

"This is a most unlooked-for communication, Brother Balais," said he, doubtfully; "and it is not permitted you to cross-examine upon a point of character."

"I am sorry to say, my lud," returned Mr. Balais, after a hurried conversation with the little attorney, "that my client is not in a position to dispute the evidence just adduced. He prefers to throw himself upon the mercy of the court, on the ground—a very tenable one, I think—of his youth and," he was going to add "inexperience," but, under the circumstances, he thought it better not—"of his extreme youth, my lud; my unhappy client is barely eighteen years of age."

"Very good," said Mr. Justice Bantam, looking as if it could not be worse. "Hem! Prisoner at the bar: after a careful and fair trial, in which you have had the benefit of the best legal aid, you have been found *guilty* of the charge of which you are accused. In that verdict I cordially concur. The offense was a very serious one; but the endeavor which you have made to screen yourself, at the expense of that beautiful and innocent young girl, is, in my opinion, still more heinous and contemptible than the crime itself. Having made yourself master of her affections, you used your power to the utmost to effect her moral and social hurt. You would have had her perjure herself, and proclaim herself guilty of a crime she did not commit, in order that you might yourself escape justice. Nobody who heard her evidence—who saw her in yonder box—can doubt it. Still, as your counsel has just remarked, you are but a youth in years, and I looked about me in hopes to find some extenuating circumstances in your past career—some record of good—which might have justified me in inflicting on you a more lenient sentence than your offense had earned. I had no other purpose in asking whether any thing was known of your previous career. The reply to that question has astonished and shocked me, as it has shocked and astonished every right-thinking person in this court who heard it. We knew to what base purpose you had used the comeliness and youth and good address with which nature had endowed you; and now we have learned how evilly you have misused your talents—with what perverted ingenuity you have striven, at so early an age, to set at naught those precautions by which your country has lately endeavored to secure for itself efficient public servants."

"That's neat," whispered a learned friend to Mr. Balais, reverently shutting his eyes, as though in rapt admiration.

"Very," returned that gentleman. "He's bidding for the Lord Chief Justiceship."

"In the whole course of my legal experience, young man," continued the judge, "I have never seen a case which seems to me to call for more exemplary punishment than yours. The promise of your future is dark indeed—bad for yourself, and bad for that society which, though so fitted to adorn and benefit it, you have chosen to outrage. I will not, however, reproach you further; I will rather express a hope that when you return to the world after your long probation—and it will be as long as I am able to make it—you may be a wiser and better, as well as a much older man. The sentence of the court is, that you be kept in penal servitude for the space of twenty years."

CHAPTER XXXII.

BROODING.

NOT a syllable of the judge's exhortation was lost upon the prisoner at the bar. He listened to it as attentively as one who is waiting for the thunder listens to the muffled menace that precedes it, and the fall of each big drop of rain. When the words of doom smote upon his ear a solemn hush succeeded them; and then one piteous, agonized shriek, and a dull fall in the gallery above.

"This way," said a warder, sharply; and Richard was seized by the arm, and hurried through the trap-door, and down the stairs, by the way he had come. It seemed to him like descending into hell itself.

Twenty years' penal servitude! It was almost an eternity of torment! worse than death! and yet not so. He already beheld himself, at the end of his term of punishment, setting about the great work which alone was left him to do on earth—the accomplishment of his revenge. He had recognized his mother's voice in that agonized wail, and knew that her iron will had given way; that the weight of this unexpected calamity had deprived even her elastic and vigorous mind of consciousness—had crushed out of her, perhaps, even life itself. Better so, thought he, in his bitterness, if it had; there would then be not a single human creature left to soften, by her attachment, his heart toward his fellows—none to counsel moderation, mercy, prudence.

If the view taken by the judge had even been a correct one, as to "motive," Richard had been hardly dealt with, most severely sentenced; but in his own eyes he was an almost innocent man—the victim of an infamous conspiracy, in which she who was his nearest and dearest had treacherously joined. After flattering him with false hopes, she had deserted him at the eleventh hour, and in a manner even more atrocious than the desertion itself. He knew, of course, that it was mainly owing to her evidence, to which he had looked for his preservation, that his ruin had been so complete and overwhelming; but what he hated her worst for was for that smile she had bestowed upon him as she entered the witness-box, and which had bade him hope where no hope was. He could not be mistaken as to that. She had known that she was about to doom him by her silence to years of misery, and yet she had had the devilish cruelty to smile upon him, as she had often smiled, when they had sat, cheek to cheek, together! Since they had done so, he could never lift his hand against her (he felt that even now)—never strike her, slay her, nor even poison her; but he would have revenge upon her for all that. He would smite her, as she had smitten him, no matter how long the blow might be in falling: if her affections should be entwined in any human creatures, against them should his rage be directed; he would make her desolate, as she had rendered him: he would turn their love for her to hate, if it were possible, and, if not, he would destroy them. As for her father—as for that stone devil Trevethick—it choked him to think that nature herself might preserve him from his wrath, that the old man might die before his hour of expiation could arrive. But Solomon Coe would live to feel his vengeance. His hatred was at white heat now; what would it be after twenty years of unmerited torture? To think that this terrible punishment had befallen him through such contemptible agencies—through such dull brains and vulgar hands—was maddening; and yet he must needs feed upon that thought for twenty years, and keep his senses too, that at the end they might work out his purpose to the uttermost. There was plenty of time to plan and scheme and plot before him, and henceforth that should be his occupation. Revenge should be his latest thought and his earliest, and all night long he would dream of nothing else. His wrath against judge and jury, and the rest of them—though if he could have slain them all with a word he would have uttered it—was slight compared with the vehemence of his fury against those three at Gethin. Rage possessed him wholly, and, though without numbing him to the painful sense of his miserable doom, rendered him almost unconscious of what was going on about him.

When he found himself in his cell again he had no recollection of how he had got there; and the warder had to repeat his sharp command, "Put on these clothes," before he could get him to understand that he was to exchange his garments for the prison suit that lay before him. It was a small matter, but it brought home to him the reality of his situation more than any thing that had yet occurred. With the deprivation of his clothes he seemed to be deprived of his individuality, and, in adopting that shameful dress, to become an atom in a congeries of outcasts. From henceforth he was not even to bear a name, but must become a number—a unit of that great sum of scoundrels which the world was so willing to forget. That he was to suffer under a system which had authority and right for its basis made his case no less intolerable to him; he felt like one suddenly seized and sold into slavery. That his master and tyrant was called the Law was no mitigation of his calamity; nay, it was an aggravation, since he could not cut its throat.

"It is no use, young fellow," said the warder, coolly, as Richard looked at him like some hunted beast at bay. "If you was to kill me and a dozen more it would do you not a morsel of good; the law has got you tight, and it's better to be quiet."

Richard uttered a low moan, more woeful than any cry of physical anguish. It touched his jailer, used as he was to the contemplation of human misery. "Look here," said he; "you keep up a good heart, and get as many *V G*'s as you can. Then you'll get out on ticket-of-leave in fifteen years: it ain't as if you were a lifer."

He meant it for consolation; but this unvarnished statement of the *very best* that could by possibility befall poor Richard, seemed only to deepen his despondency.

"Why, when you've done it," pursued the warder, "you'll be quite a young man still—younger than I am. There's Balfour, now; he's got some call to be down in the mouth, for he'll get it as hot as you, and he's an old un, yet he's cheery enough up yonder"—and he jerked his head in the direction of the court-house—"you may take your 'davey he is. You get *V G*'s."

"What are those?" said Richard, wearily.

"Why, the best marks that can be got; and remember that every one of 'em goes to shorten your time. You must be handier with your room, to begin with. You might be reported by some officers for the way in which that hammock is folded, and then away go your marks at once; and you must learn to sweep your room out cleaner. We couldn't stand *that* in one of our regulars, you know;" and he pointed to some specks of dust upon the shining floor. "As for the oakum pickings which will be set you to-morrow, I'll show you the great secret of that art. Your fingers will suffer a bit at first, no doubt, but you'll be a clever one at it before long. Only buckle to, and keep a civil tongue in your head, young fellow, and you'll do."

"Thank you," said Richard, mechanically.

"If you'll take my advice, you'll set about something at once; sweepin', or polishin', or readin' your Bible. Don't brood. But you will do as you like for this afternoon, since you won't begin regular business till to-morrow."

The warder looked keenly round the cell, probably to make sure that it afforded no facilities for suicide; but the gas was not yet turned on, and if it had been, his prisoner was unaware that by blowing it out, and placing the jet in his mouth, more than one in a similar strait to his own has found escape from his prison woes forever.

"I'll bring you some supper presently," he added; and with a familiar nod, good-naturedly intended for encouragement, he slammed the iron door behind him.

That he should have become an object of pity and patronage to a man like this would in itself have wounded Richard to the quick had he not been devoured by far more biting cares, and even now it galled him. His twenty years might possibly, then, by extremity of good luck, be curtailed by five. By diligent execution of menial drudgery; by performing to some overlooker's satisfaction his daily toil; by careful obedience and subservience to these Jacks in office, themselves but servants, and yet whose malice or ill-humor might cause them to report him for the most trifling faults, or for none at all, and thereby destroy even *this* hope—he might be a free man in fifteen years! He would, even then, he was told, be still a young man. But that he would never be young again Richard was well aware. Within these last three weeks—nay, within that last hour, he had already lived a life, and one that had aged him beyond the power of years. High spirits, pleasure, hopefulness, love, and all the attributes of youth, were dead within him for evermore. For the future he was only to be strong and vigorous in a will that could not have its way for fifteen years at earliest.

Through the grating of his narrow window a few rays of the setting sun were streaming in, and fell upon the bare brown wall behind him. What a flood of glory they were pouring on the woods of Crompton, now in their autumn splendor—on the cliffs at Gethin—on the copse that hid the Wishing Well—on the tower where he had first clasped Harry in his arms! He saw them all, and the sunset hues upon them became suddenly blood-red. He was once more at Gethin, and in imagination taking his revenge upon old Trevethick, and for the moment he was almost happy. "Pity on his gray hairs?" No, not he—though the gallows loomed before him, though hell yawned for him, he would slake his thirst in the life-blood of that perjured villain; and as for her, he would drag her by the hair to look upon her father's corpse. Where was she? Ah, with Solomon upon the castled rock; and see!—he had pushed him from the edge, and there he hung exactly as he himself

had hung when Harry had preserved him! How long would a man hold on like that, even a strong man like Coe, on such a narrow ledge, with the gulls screaming about him? Not twenty years—no, nor fifteen!

The clatter of the trap in the door of his cell, as it fell in and formed a table, awoke him from this gloating dream. "Supper," said the warder, looking in at him through this orifice. "What! you're still brooding, are you?—that's bad;" then marched on to the next cell.

Some gruel and bread stood upon this little improvised side-board. If they had been the greatest luxuries imaginable, he could not have swallowed a morsel. The sunlight had faded away; his dream of retribution was over; he seemed to be touching the utmost verge of human wretchedness. Was it possible to kill himself? His neckerchief had been taken away; but he had his braces. The gas-pipe was the only thing to which he could attach them, and it would never bear his weight. He had read somewhere of some poor wretch who had suffocated himself by turning his tongue inward. Had he determination enough for such a device as that? Plenty. His will was iron; he felt that; but it was set on something else than suicide—that afterward, or death or life of any kind, he cared not what; but in the first place, and above all things, Vengeance! In the mean time, there were twenty years in which to think upon it! Twenty years!

The bar dined with the judge that night at Cross Key, and talked, among other things, "shop."

"A curious case that of that young fellow, Yorke," said one. "I wonder whether he has been playing his game long with these competitive examinations? That Chandos must be a queer one, too—son of Lord Fitzbacon's, is he not?"

"I dare say," answered another, carelessly. "It is only vicariously that the juvenile aristocracy ever get an appointment in these days, having no wits of their own. This conviction will be a great blow to them."

"Very good, Sharpshins! but you'd better not let old Bantam hear you, for he dearly loves the Swells. By-the-by, what a pretty girl that witness for the defense was, who turned out to be for the prosecution, eh?"

"Yes, she upset her lover's coach for him nicely. Is it true, I wonder, that the little traitress is going to marry that dull, heavy fellow whom Smoothbore had such work to pump? Gad! if I had been she, I'd have stuck to the other."

"Yes; but kissing goes by favor. She marries him next week, I hear. Is there any thing of interest at Bodmin?"

"Nothing of interest to *me*, at all events. Smoothbore and Balais get all there is between them, confound them! I say, just pass that claret."

Not another word about Richard. The judge himself had forgotten him except as a case in his notes. The jury forgot him in a week. A murder of a shipwrecked sailor happened soon afterward on that coast, and became the talk of the country-side in his place. The world went on its way, and never missed him; the rank closed up where he had used to march, and left no gap.

Richard Yorke was out of the world.

THE NEW CITY POST-OFFICE.

THE new City Post-Office, of which we give an illustration on page 725, engraved from drawings furnished by the courtesy of Superintendent MULLIT, will be a large, substantial, and imposing edifice. It will occupy the south end of the City Hall Park, and will have equal and similar fronts on Broadway and Park Row, with its principal façade opposite the Park. The style is classical Italian Renaissance, with some modifications to harmonize it with the treatment of the roofs, which is French, as best suited to street architecture on a large scale. The exterior is of three Doric orders superposed, designed with increasing richness from the lower story to the main cornice. The building is substantially in form a trapezoid, its longer base crossing from Broadway to Park Row, and is planned with an open triangular court in the centre, along the main story. It includes a sub-basement, basement, three stories in the walls, and a roof story.

A wide drive-way, or street, reserved by the government on the Park side of the lot, serves as approach to that front, and secures the perfect isolation of the building, with perpetual access of light and air from that side as well as from the others, whatever changes may hereafter be made in the disposition of the adjoining ground. The principal entrances are at the southwest front, under the portico which gives access to the Post-office corridor, and by a broad double staircase to the upper stories, and at the northerly corner pavilions on Broadway and Park Row, where two great elliptical stairways lead again to the higher stories, but do not communicate with the ground-floor, being reserved for the use of the courts and their dependencies above.

Beside these are the lateral entrances to the Post-office corridor on Broadway and Park Row, and to the Post-office proper on these two sides and on the Park front.

The sub-basement, or cellar, and basement cover the whole area of the lot, being extended under the sidewalks, the central court, and the drive-way. The cellar will be used for the boilers, engines, and heating apparatus, and for the storage of coal and other bulky material. It receives light and air through large areas reserved from the inclosed space beneath the sidewalk. The basement and principal story are set apart for the use of the Post-office.

The principal story occupies the entire space of the building, including the interior court, which here is roofed with glass, and the walls of which, with all the interior partitions of the stories above, are in this story and the basement carried on iron columns, leaving the whole area of the Post-office room open to light, and free for use and communication. The corridor for the use of the public occupies the exterior belt of the ground-floor on the southwest front, and on Broadway and Park Row far enough to include the central pavilions, and is separated from the Post-office room by a box and delivery screen. This corridor is but half as high as the first story, and the space above it is occupied by a *mezzanine*, or half-story, which, being entirely open on the inside, forms a gallery encompassing the Post-office room on three sides. The high windows of the principal story, running through both corridor and *mezzanine*, give an uninterrupted communication of light and air to the interior, while the supply of light is increased by the whole breadth of the glass roof over the court.

The floor under this roof is also of glass, giving light to the basement, which is also lighted by means of illuminating tile in the sidewalks throughout the length of the curtains which join the pavilions.

In the upper stories corridors fourteen feet wide make the circuit of the whole building; from these corridors rooms open on either hand toward the streets and the inner court. The rooms over the principal entrance, and looking down Broadway, are reserved for the postmaster, and those of the deputy-postmaster and cashier are close at hand. The whole of the Park front is given to the United States Courts. There are three court-rooms, of which the two larger are continued up through two stories in height; adjoining them are special rooms for the judges, near which private stairs furnish the only access to the jury-rooms on the third story. The remainder of the second story is occupied by rooms for marshals, United States attorneys, clerks of the courts, record-rooms, and others for uses incident to the courts. Other United States officers are to be accommodated with rooms in the upper stories.

Owing to the ill-will of the city authorities, who place every possible obstruction in the way of the general government, work has been practically suspended on the building for the present, permission to use that portion of the park required for the accommodation of work-shops and other outbuildings having been retracted, and the work-shops cleared away. So far only the foundations have been completed. This was a work of great difficulty. The bed, which was to be excavated to a depth of more than thirty feet, was of loose sand, and the traffic of the adjoining streets was enormous. The trenches in which the retaining walls and pier foundations were to be laid were completely incased in sheet-piling, shored across with timber from side to side, under protection of which the excavation was carried on, and the masonry laid. The excavating was done mostly by night, the men working by magnesium light. The outer walls and those of the court, and the foundations of the ranges of interior columns, are based on granite, and massive beds of concrete. One hundred and fifty-nine iron columns in the basement, and 117 in the first story, support the walls and floors. The piers of the cellar are of granite or arcaded brick; the walls of granite lined with brick; the floors of brick and iron; the stairs of stone and iron; the chimneys of stone; the roof and its ornaments of iron, covered with slate and copper.

Four large low-pressure boilers will supply the steam for heating the building, ample arrangements having been made for heat and ventilation. The roofs of the corner pavilions rise 107 feet above the sidewalk. The foundation of concrete is laid 35 feet below the sidewalk; the cellar is a little more than seven feet in the clear, the basement 16 feet, the public corridor 14 feet, and the *mezzanine*, or gallery above, nearly the same. The outer circuit of the building will be over one-fifth of a mile.

THE ART OF POMPEII.

HERCULANEUM and Pompeii, although they have furnished many exquisite statues, can not be said to have enlarged our knowledge of the character and excellence of ancient sculpture. This being the art which endures through the material in which it works, war, nor time, nor natural convulsions, can not so thoroughly destroy its achievements that the future does not receive a tolerable legacy. These cities rather illustrate for us the richness of their age in noble works. They have given us the exquisite Narcissus, the dancing Faun, the Apollo, the portrait-statues of the Balbi, the Alexander, the Tiberius, and a host of minor works, all of which belong to schools and are treated in styles with which we are already familiar. They are enrichments, but not revelations. Michael Angelo understood the excellences of antique sculpture as well as any artist of our day.

The walls of Pompeii, however, give us, by almost a miracle, certain knowledge of an art which may be said to have been known to us only by tradition. From the perishable nature of painting, even in fresco, its most durable form, the world could never have hoped to possess a single specimen of the pictorial art of the Greeks and Romans, but for the singular chance (or design) by which they have been preserved. Let the reader imagine that not a single antique statue or bass-relief were known to us, and that —we will not say the Laocoon, and the Aristides, and the Venus of Milo, but—a hundred works of sculpture were suddenly exhumed! What wonder, what joy, what knowledge would thereby be given to the world! Pompeii has wrought this miracle for painting. What we previously knew was confined chiefly to those arabesque decorations of the Baths of Titus, which were the delight of Raphael (his only models, after Perugino and Masaccio), and to a few fragments of mutilated fresco, all rather illustrative of decorative art than painting. It had become a conventional idea with scholars that, in spite of Apelles and Zeuxis and Protogenes, the Greeks were very indifferent painters. Their coloring, it was surmised, was crude and flashy; they had no comprehension of perspective or foreshortening, and their drawing might be estimated by that upon the sepulchral vases and urns. To one who has been fed with these conjectures, which have been asserted so frequently and so positively that they are still generally believed, the walls of Pompeii will indeed be a revelation.

The value of the specimens already rescued is more than their artistic character. Not being portable, they were executed on the spot, and for the most part by local artists. Pompeii was but a third-rate city; it had nearly been destroyed by an earthquake, ten years previous to its entombment, and the most of its frescos must have been painted during that period of restoration. It can not be supposed that, when Rome was most luxurious, and the shores of the Mediterranean were covered with magnificent towns, artists of established fame could be spared for a place so unimportant as Pompeii. What we now possess can not, therefore, be considered as more than the ordinary art of the age; but it is none the less a basis of clear knowledge in regard to modes of painting, treatment of subjects, and skill in the various technicalities of the art. In this respect the mural paintings of Pompeii are as satisfactory as would be a collection of antique statues, which did not include the master-pieces, in regard to the character of the ancient sculpture. Having an average of manner and skill we can easily project upward as well as downward.

Many fine pictures must have been lost by the action of the weather since the first private dwellings of Pompeii were opened. Others have been greatly damaged by neglect, while, incredible as it may seem, some were wantonly destroyed, in former years, because it was difficult or expensive to detach them from the walls! At present every picture of value which is unearthed is carefully sawed from the walls, secured in a solid frame, and transported to the National Museum (formerly the *Museo Borbonico*) at Naples. It is singular that Pompeii itself should not only have given the hint, but also the method, of transferring and preserving frescos. In the Temple of Venus, adjoining the chief forum of the city, there is still a picture to be seen, in one of the chambers occupied by the priests—a fresco representing Bacchus pouring a goblet of wine over his panther, while he leans upon the shoulder of Silenus, who plays the lyre. A close inspection of this picture revealed the fact that it had been transferred from a former building, and was fastened in its place by iron clamps; and further, that in making the transfer, a space was left for the circulation of air at its back, in order to preserve it from possible injury from damp. The Pompeiian paintings are now arranged in the same manner on the walls of the Museum at Naples.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

IN an Eastern city a cabinet-maker employed two Germans as porters to deliver his furniture. One morning he loaded his cart with a bureau, and gave directions where to have it left. "And, by-the-by," said he to one of them, handing him a shilling, "on your way back get a *pint o' pease*." They staid an unusual time, and when at length they did return, it was soon ascertained that they had enormous "bricks" in their hats. "Why, you German rascals," roared the angry boss, "you are both drunk!" "Yaw," said one of them; "you gift us ter shilling to puy a *pint apiece*; we trinkt him, and we are pote so trunk ash ter teuykens!"

Water is so scarce in Madison, Indiana, that the people don't think of using it as a beverage. It is even reported that the milkmen have been compelled to sell pure milk, as a matter of economy.

DRY DIET FOR THE RUSSIAN AUTOCRAT—Turkey without Greece.

During an examination a medical student being asked the question, "When does mortification set in?" replied, "When you pop the question and are answered 'No.'"

Miss M——, a young heiress of considerable personal attractions, chanced to be seated at a dinner-party next to a gentleman remarkable in the fashionable circles for the brilliancy of his wit, and who had long made one in the train of her admirers. The conversation turning on the uncertainty of life, "I mean to *insure* mine," said the young lady, archly, "in the *Hope*." "In the hope of *what?*" said her admirer; "a *single life* is hardly worth insuring. I propose we should insure our lives together, and, if you have no objection, I should prefer *the Alliance!*"

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE—The gas company's bill.

Mr. Quintin Dick, M. P., was once entertaining a party to dinner, when a loud knocking was suddenly heard at the door, and ere they could well conceive what it meant, Mr. D.'s footman entered, ushering in a rough-looking son of Neptune. Mr. Dick rose, imagining that he came with tidings from some friend in India. Jack then, with the coolest assurance in the world, stretched out his hand, and asked, "Is your name Quintin Dick?" "It is," replied Mr. D., "at your service." "Good! I'm glad of it; give us your hand, my old boy—for my name is Dick Quintin; and by the mast we'll have a drop of grog together!" roared the tar. The effect on the company may be easily imagined. Mr. Dick took it in good-humor, gave the man half-a-crown, and told the servant to take him to the kitchen and give him plenty to eat and drink.

An old lady of Connecticut, who lost her purse a short time since at New Haven, declared, on its being restored to her, that she would not attempt to interfere with the reward which was stored up in heaven for the finder, by offering him money.

FLOWERS THAT ARE ALWAYS FALLING OFF—Bachelors' Buttons.

A cute young wife says: "When I want a nice snug day all to myself, I tell George dear mother is coming, and then I see nothing of him until one in the morning."

"My dear," said good, unsuspicious Mrs. Howard, "I think Mary is in a decline." "In a what?" inquired the startled but unromantic husband. "A decline, my dear—in a decline. You were far too stern with her in regard to that little affair with Mr. Young. Girls' hearts, my dear, are not like those of great rough boys; they are fragile things, my love—very fragile. Now I have noticed that Mary acts very queer; she eats nothing but peaches or canned quinces, or something of that sort; and to-day, unobserved by her, I was watching her singular movements. A spasm of pain crossed her features; she stopped in her walk and sighed, my dear—sighed as if her heart was breaking," said the lady. "Sighed, did she, and groaned? Umph! Ain't you old enough yet to tell the difference between a breaking heart and a spell of the colic?"

YOUTH'S COMPANION—A pretty girl.

EXAMINATION PAPERS.

Supposing the river Ganges to be three cubits in breadth (which it isn't), what is the average height of the Alps, stock being 91⅛?

If in autumn apples cost 4d. a pound in London, and potatoes a shilling a score in the spring, when will green gages be sold in Paris at 1½d. each, Spanish oranges being at a discount of five per cent.?

If two men kill two brace of partridges in going up the right side of a rectangular turnip-field, how many would be killed by five men and a terrier pup in going down the other side?

If a milk-maid, four feet ten inches in height, while sitting on a three-legged stool, took four pints of milk out of every fifteen cows, what was the size of the field in which the animals grazed, and what was the girl's age?

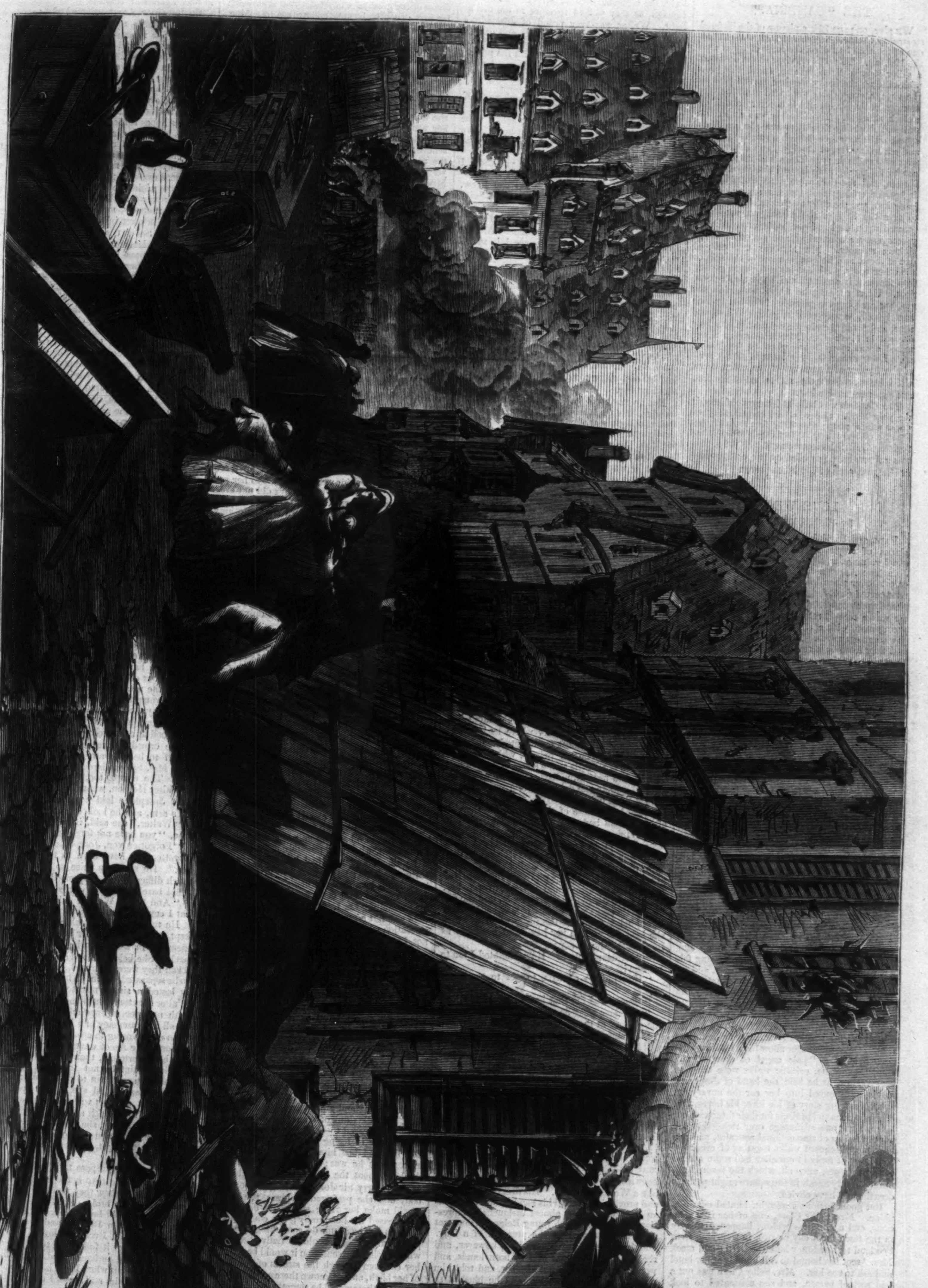
A fop, just returned from a Continental tour, was asked how he liked the ruins of Pompeii. "Not very well," was the reply; "they are so dreadfully out of repair."

ACCIDENTAL DEATH.—"Pat, where's your brother?" "Och, thin, me darlint, he's dead, Sir." "But how did he die?" "Why, Sir, you see, he fell off the scaffold one day when the praist was talkin' to him."

What is it that nobody wants, yet nobody likes to lose?—A lawsuit.

"IT'S LOVE THAT MAKES THE *WORLD* TURN ROUND."

W.A.R.
MILITARY GLORY.



A STREET IN STRASBOURG DURING THE BOMBARDMENT.—[SEE PAGE 731.]

THE "CAMBRIA."

We give, on page 724, a picture of the ill-fated steamship *Cambria*, which was lost, with all but one of those on board, off the coast of Ireland on the 19th ult. The only survivor of the disaster, a sailor named M'Gartland, states that notwithstanding the heavy weather encountered on the voyage, every thing went well until the very moment of the wreck, which occurred about ten o'clock at night. The *Cambria* was under full sail and steaming rapidly, when she suddenly struck on Innistrahue Island, a small rocky island ten miles west of Donegal, and thirty miles west of Londonderry. The vessel instantly began to fill through the large holes stove in the bottom, and the fires were soon extinguished. It became evident that the steamer was hopelessly lost, and the efforts were therefore directed to save the lives of the passengers, who were massed upon deck. Four boats, crowded with passengers, were launched, and put off from the sinking steamer. Mr. M'Gartland entered one of these, and he saw no more of the ship or the other boats. Almost instantly upon getting into the boat it capsized, and he lost consciousness. Upon reviving he found himself in the sea, but grasping the gunwale of the boat, which had righted, he succeeded in getting in a second time, and found therein the dead body of a lady dressed in black silk. Mr. M'Gartland was tossed about many hours, when he was picked up. Later accounts, by telegraph, give details of the finding of fragments of the other boats, which leave no doubt that all the rest of the crew and passengers were lost.

The *Cambria* was built at Glasgow, of iron, in the year 1869. She was bark-rigged, had two decks and a poop; was 324¼ feet long, 35 feet breadth of beam, and 22 feet depth of hold, and registered, British measurement, 2140 tons. She was a screw boat, propelled by two engines built at Glasgow, each of 750 horse-power.

LOVE WINS.

By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

Paul and Virginia, in their palm groves and glades of tropic Arcadia, were not happier, simpler, more truthful and tender lovers than Josephine Ascot and Walter Hexton, up to a certain hour when Josephine met with a piece of unexpected good fortune. Josephine was an extremely pretty girl, tall, slender, and fair. Walter was a robust, rather angular and awkward young man, with a big broad brow, and heavy jaws, and gray eyes. They were near neighbors, and they lived in a small town in the north of England. Walter Hexton was the son of a decent tradesman, and was studying chemistry, without any higher view, as yet, than that of opening a chemist's shop, and making a respectable living. Josephine Ascot was the daughter of a clerk in an attorney's office. But Josephine's mother had some rich relations, who, although they had never thought her worth doing any thing for while she was yet unmarried, thought her quite worth denouncing and repudiating when she made her *mesalliance*. Mrs. Ascot, a weak woman with a love of gentility, venerated her relatives all the more because they had cast her off, and could never bear to hear a word said against them. In her mind, to be rich was to be endowed with celestial grace, and almost to be armed with celestial authority. She was not sorry—at least not always or perhaps often sorry—that she had married an attorney's clerk, but she quite recognized the fact that, in doing so, she had committed a crime of *lèse-majesté* against her genteel relations, and she did not ask, did not hope, to be forgiven.

She had only one daughter, the pretty Josephine, and she was rather glad than otherwise when Josephine fell in love with so steady and promising a young man as Walter Hexton. For Walter was a steadfast, high-minded young fellow, with strong aspirations of his own, and no taste whatever for dissipation, idleness, or frivolity. Josephine and he walked together every fine evening—took long walks on quiet roads and over breezy downs, returning often by the tender light of the moon, dear and sacred to all lovers, though Virgil may call its light malign, and Danish Oehlenschlaeger allow his Aladdin to denounce it as a "pale angel of destruction." Happy, exquisite, ecstatic walks were those to poor Walter, as he held the hand of Josephine in his, and poured into her ear the unvarying, never-wearying story of his love, his hopes, and his aspirations and projects for their future. Poor lovers have one advantage over rich—they are under far less of conventional restraint, and can have more frequent walks together of evenings. The lover of Sally in our alley had some special class privileges, after all, which the favored admirer of Lady Sarah in the square might perhaps occasionally have envied.

But good fortune, unsought, hunted out Josephine. Mrs. Selby Clare, one of her rich relations, and a childless widow, happened to stay in the town for a day or two, in returning from Scotland to London, where she lived; and meek Mrs. Ascot felt bound to call humbly at her hotel and ask to see her. Mrs. Selby Clare was not a bad sort of person, and she consented to look upon and speak with her poor and degraded relative. The poor and degraded relative was politic enough to bring her daughter with her, and old Mrs. Selby Clare's somewhat withered heart warmed to the graceful, pretty, lady-like girl. The visit ended in a ten-pound note to Mrs. Ascot, and a peremptory command that Josephine should, the very next week, go up to London, and there spend a fortnight in the house of her newly found relative.

"You don't think, Josephine, you will stay longer than a fortnight away from me?" These were Walter's words, spoken somewhat plaintively, the night before Josephine's departure for London, as they walked together in the moonlight. Walter was very proud of Josephine's being admired by the great relative and carried off to London, but his mind had some ominous misgivings confusedly struggling with the pride.

"No, Walter dear, I don't think so; I don't mean to, unless, of course, Mrs. Selby Clare should insist on it. She may, you know."

"She may, indeed; I should think so. Of course she'll want you to stay;" and he glanced at the girl with the look of one who held it to be an obvious and self-evident fact that any relative or other person who once had Josephine near her must wish to keep her there.

"Well, if she does, Walter, then, you know, I can not venture to refuse Mrs. Selby Clare."

"No, dear, I suppose not. Do you know, Josephine, I almost wish sometimes Mrs. Selby Clare had never found you out?"

"Oh, Walter, for shame! My mother's near relative. And so good a woman! And so rich! I quite wonder at you to speak in such a way. You ought to be very glad—only you men are all so selfish."

"I suppose we are," said poor Walter, with a sigh; and he urged the matter no further.

Next morning early Josephine set out for London. Her father, her mother, and Walter accompanied her to the railway station. Walter had the privilege of a parting kiss. As the train swept out of the station he caught a final fading glimpse of Josephine's face, and there was a quiet, self-satisfied, complacent smile on it. She had left him with a complacent smile! His heart was bursting.

But he was not a jealous creature. It was no wonder, he told himself, that Josephine should feel a little elate at the bright prospects now evidently opening for her, and if for her, of course for him. Of course she was glad! Men must be selfish creatures, indeed, as she had said; otherwise he would at once have understood why she showed on her face a hopeful smile at their first parting.

Life for the next few months was all pleasure and brightness to Josephine, all hard work and dullness to poor Walter. Josephine was plunged at once into a new, brilliant, many-tinted kind of existence, which, entirely novel as it was, seemed quite congenial and natural to her. She breathed in it with delicious freedom. Mrs. Selby Clare had money enough, and some good taste, and moved in a brilliant circle. She lived in the Park Lane region, and gave pleasant dinner-parties; and Josephine proved quite an attraction and a success, and went through all the enjoyments of a London season—the ball, the opera, the croquet-party, the Richmond *fête champêtre*, the strawberry breakfast, and the rest, with a fresh and open acknowledgment of delight which made her doubly attractive. Then, it was well known that Mrs. Selby Clare had no children, or nephews and nieces, or very near relations of any kind; and the natural presumption was that this pretty, graceful, charming girl, whom she introduced every where as "almost my niece, indeed almost my adopted daughter," would assuredly be her heiress, which assumption added not a little to the lustre of Josephine's charms, and formed, indeed, the glorious atmosphere of roseate and gold which surrounded them and set them off.

Toward the close of the season, for the visit of a fortnight had, of course, swelled itself into weeks and months, Josephine was startled, delighted, displeased—all emotions blending or conflicting in a moment—by receiving a card with the name of "Mr. Walter Hexton" engraved on it, and being told that the owner of the card was below, and wished to see her. Whereupon she blushed very deeply, and the following thoughts and wishes passed successively through her mind, in the instant during which she held the card in her hand and hesitated as to what she should say:

"Poor dear Walter! How delighted I am to see him!

"How did he contrive to get to town just now?

"How glad I am that he had a card!

"I wonder what he will think of me?"—and she glanced at the looking-glass.

"I wonder what he looks like!

"I wonder what Mrs. Selby Clare will think!

"How unlucky that he should have come just now, when we are going out at once!

"I don't know, perhaps it is rather lucky, on the whole.

"I wonder how long he is going to stay in town!

"I hope not long—oh no, I don't hope any thing of the kind!"

And then, to stifle all further doubts and hopes, she ran down stairs, and presently received Walter. Well, she was compelled to acknowledge to herself that Walter was not looking like a West End youth. His dress seemed rural and provincial; so did his hands; and there was an uneasy, anxious, almost melancholy expression on his face, which young Belgravia does not allow itself to wear in the presence of a lady. Her heart quite warmed to him, however, and she ran up and caught him by both hands, and wondered why he did not kiss her, and told him so. Then he did kiss her, and he blushed so much in the act that she blushed too.

They sat and talked, and he grew less constrained. He had come to town because of a chemical discovery, apparently of some importance, which he believed he had made, and about which he had written—not knowing any thing better to do—to a famous London *savant*, whom even Mayfair and Tyburnia admired. The famous *savant* had actually replied in friendly, kindly style, and had declared that he thought there was something in Walter's idea, that he would look into it, and that meantime he should be glad to see Walter and talk with him. So Walter came up to town, and was going to the house of the great man of science that afternoon; but first, of course, he must come to see Josephine. Then he said, very awkwardly, that he hoped she was happy, that she looked splendid and quite like a great lady, and that he supposed she was never coming back to the old town any more. She assured him she was returning home very soon—as soon as the season closed; and she began to give him a little outline of the kind of life she had been leading for the past few months; but she thought of the flight of time, and looked at her watch, and was just beginning to tell him that she was going out, when Mrs. Selby Clare relieved her from the necessity by coming into the room and asking her whether she was not yet ready. Then Josephine presented Walter to Mrs. Selby Clare, and that lady was gracious and distant; and Walter knew that he must go. He was awkward about beginning to go, and longed beyond measure for one other moment of Josephine alone. That joy, however, he was not destined to have; and he left the room without a chance of exchanging a syllable with Josephine, and without any hint from Mrs. Selby Clare that he would be welcome if he were to call again.

He was received with great kindness and consideration by the scientific man, who talked a long time with him, and urged him to study in London, Paris, and Germany, offering him letters to many great professors in these places. Then he told Walter he might come and see him as often as he pleased, and showed quite an interest in him. A year ago, six months ago, all this would have made Walter wild with hope and joy; but now, somehow, it did not seem to affect him much. It did not appear to him that a proficiency in chemistry would be quite enough to make up for the lack of money and social position in the circles whereto Josephine had so suddenly found admission, and wherein even already she seemed to be so much at home.

The two who had been lovers met no more that time. Josephine returned home to her parents during the winter, but Walter did not even then see much of her. He was, indeed, a good deal in London, and he avoided her. Nothing was said of their old engagement. It had apparently passed so entirely out of the world of realities that poor Walter thought it would be a piece of presumption on his part if he were even to offer to release Josephine Ascot from it. "This long time," he thought to himself, bitterly, "it has been practically at an end. She would think it an offense if I were to remind her in any way that it ever had an existence. She only wishes to forget it."

Mrs. Selby Clare had evidently taken quite a fancy to Josephine. She sent for her in the winter, and made her come to Nice. Josephine's father and mother had not the spirit to refuse. They said to themselves that it would only be to stand in the way of their child's advancement. They were very good people, in the negative, harmless sense; but they utterly failed to understand that their child might have higher interests to advance than any which the capricious favor of a rich old woman could make or mar.

Josephine had many admirers, but as yet not many suitors. There was, indeed, something too uncertain about the basis of her future fortune to satisfy the prudent young men of the West End when they came to consider the matter seriously and closely. But she met at Nice with a wealthy and influential man—a leading partner in a banking-house, and member of Parliament, who could probably be in high office if he liked, and who had lately been made a baronet. This gentleman fell in love with her; kept up his love for her when she and he returned to London, and early in the season proposed for her, telling her frankly that her personal fortune was not a matter of any importance or consideration whatever to him. Now Josephine was not, by any means, in love with Sir John Riddell—not the least in the world in love with him. He was more than forty years old, and she was only just twenty; he was a grave, steady man, who seemed even older than he really was. She did not love him, and she did not feel as if she ever could. But then there was no one else—in society—whom she loved or cared at all about. Of the many handsome and brilliant young men whom she often met around her, not one had touched her heart. For she had a heart; and the more she mingled in society, now that the startling novelty and dazzling gloss of the thing were wearing off, the more she began to yearn after some sensation deeper and more real than that of variety and gratified vanity and social display. She did think of Walter sometimes—oftener than she cared to—and she sometimes doubted whether in losing him she had not lost all. But she had lost him; she did not know now even where he was; and there was no use in thinking about the past any more. She might as well marry Sir John Riddell; there was nobody else she preferred to him; the marriage would make her rich; she could do any thing she pleased for her family; she could, perhaps, through her husband, do something one day for poor Walter. She would be Lady Riddell; and what a delightful sensation it would be to drive in her carriage through the streets of the old town of her birth, and be known there as Lady Riddell! After all, there would be something in life to enjoy and be proud of, even though one might not feel one's heart quite satisfied. She thought she had better accept Sir John Riddell.

Mrs. Selby Clare thought so too, and with a charming frankness reminded Josephine that she had not a penny of her own, and only depended for a fortune on the generosity of her, Mrs. Selby Clare. "I am very fond of you, my dear," said the old lady; "but then, you know, we may quarrel some day, although it does not look likely just now. I am capricious, and I am a woman; so are you, and we may fight at any moment; and I really think you had better secure yourself at once against all chances."

So Josephine Ascot accepted the proposal of Sir John Riddell, and was to become Lady Riddell in a few months. And she received many congratulations, and congratulated herself a great deal, telling herself, over and over again, that it was like a dream, and picturing to herself the magnificent future a kind fate had prepared for her; and she was very brave and exultant all day and in society. But at night, in her room alone, and in her often sleepless bed, her spirits gave way, her hopes turned into sad ghosts, crowding around her, and she shed a great many bitter tears, and longed for the day, and the light, and the society, and the animal spirits again.

The weeks and months went by, and it was once more drawing toward the close of the season. One night there was a brilliant reception, or *conversazione*, in the rooms of one of the great scientific societies, and Sir John Riddell, who took some interest in science, was there, and so were Mrs. Selby Clare and Josephine Ascot. The rooms were crowded, and all the celebrities of science, letters, art, politics, and travel were gathered together. Even Josephine, with all her present weariness of mind, felt some interest in looking around her, and exchanging a word or two with this or that famous personage; and there was something more than mere admiration of science in the emotion she felt, and the color which came into her cheeks, when Sir John Riddell brought up and introduced to her the distinguished man who had been poor Walter Hexton's early patron. She longed to ask for Walter, but she could hardly bring herself to make the venture. She feared that the blood would rush into her cheeks, that her voice would tremble, and that some curious eyes and ears might possibly attach an unpleasant significance to such symptoms of feeling.

A moment or two after she heard the *savant* say to her affianced husband:

"Sir John, I want to introduce to you a young scientific man in whom I see a great deal of promise. He has just come back from a mission into the Ural Mountains, in which he represented one of our best scientific societies. Here he is. Glad to see you, Hexton; and come here, I wish to introduce you to my friend Sir John Riddell."

And Josephine, looking up, saw Walter Hexton, her old lover, introduced to her betrothed husband. He was the old Walter still. More manly, more calm and self-sustained, more grave, perhaps, and with a darker tint on his face; but with the broad forehead, the gray eyes, the somewhat ungainly figure, and the quiet, simple, honest look and bearing. As she gazed at him the old, early love came swelling up in her heart; all the interval since first she left her father's house seemed to have dropped completely out of her life and out of her memory; the vanity, the frivolity, the mean hopes, the ignoble ambitions, the unwomanly disloyalty and cowardice—all sank away, and she felt as if nothing remained in her heart but the true love which, from her childhood up to a twelvemonth back, had filled it.

The crowd separated her—and she allowed herself to be separated—for a moment or two from Mrs. Selby Clare and from Sir John Riddell. The crowd, too, brought her quite near to Walter Hexton, whom Sir John had just quitted. Josephine laid her hand gently on Hexton's arm, and he looked round and saw her.

"Walter," she said, in a low and tremulous tone, "you have not forgotten me?"

"Forgotten you, Josephine! No, I have not forgotten. I have tried to forget, but I could not." He spoke in voice so low, and with so much difficulty and suppressed emotion, that she could barely catch his words.

"And I, too, Walter; I have tried to forget; but I could not, and I shall try no more."

He turned his eyes, which he had previously kept away, full upon her face, and he found her meaning in the look which her eyes gave him back. She held her hand out, and he pressed it. Then they were separated, or allowed themselves to be separated, again. Their converse had hardly lasted a single minute, but it was enough. Walter Hexton went home with a heart swelling with unexpected hope and joy, and the sudden recall to supremacy of a love which he had long been endeavoring to crush.

Josephine Ascot went home with a mind more troubled, certainly, than his, for she had a perplexing, painful knot to undo, and a manly, honorable gentleman to displease and offend at the very least; and she looked upon much of her recent conduct with sincere contrition and shame. But she felt so much of relief and happiness that at last she saw her way clear before her, and had returned to her true allegiance. Come what might, she would never marry Sir John Riddell.

She kept her purpose to herself as Mrs. Selby Clare and she drove home together in the carriage. But when they reached the house and were alone she broke out at once with her confession, and told her patroness she never would marry Sir John Riddell, and she told her the reason why. "Because I love Walter Hexton! I did not know it fully until to-night—at least I thought I had perhaps stifled it and killed it, to my shame—but when I saw him to-night I knew that I loved him still; and I never will be weak and wicked enough to marry another man!"

"This is delightful," said Mrs. Selby Clare, dryly, "and quite affecting, no doubt, at least to romantic persons—a class to which I don't belong. May I ask what you propose to do with Sir John Riddell?"

"I will tell him all—the whole plain truth. He will then know I can not marry him, and he will forgive me."

"I wish you had thought of this sooner, Josephine. It is very unpleasant; it puts me in quite a false position, and is hardly grateful, I think.

Pray be good enough to explain to Sir John that it is no doing of mine—that I have no hand in the business."

"I will make that plain to him, Mrs. Selby Clare, for I will go back at once to my father's house. Oh, don't think I am ungrateful, or that I can ever forget all your kindness and generosity to me; but after this—after I have done what I know you wish me not to do—I feel I have no right to remain under your roof any longer."

Mrs. Selby Clare only bowed, and said nothing. Perhaps she was beginning to wish for some novelty, and the excitement of a grand marriage for Josephine would have been a fresh and pleasing sensation. That hope frustrated, she was not sorry to be free of Josephine, and to be able to talk of the ingratitude of girls.

Next day Josephine told Sir John Riddell all. It was a heavy blow, but he bore it bravely, like a gentleman, and was generous and forgiving. And Josephine returned to her father's house not richer by a coin than when she left it, but proud and happy.

Walter soon found her. He was yet but a struggling man, able to welcome his young wife to nothing better than a modest income and a humble home. But she was glad and happy to be thus welcomed; and she has faith in him, and believes him destined to rise in the world. Better than that, she has love for him, and were he never to rise they will still be happy, and look brightly on life together.

EGYPTIAN ARCHITECTURE.

IN the first historical reign—the reign of Menes—there was a little dabbling in waterworks, but merely this, that the whole stream of the Nile, or of one of its main branches, was diverted from its course to favor the planting of the city of Memphis. The engineer who undertook the job—and tradition credits the monarch himself with the execution—must have possessed the soul of Mrs. Partington, with something more than that lady's scientific acquirements. Menes took accurately the measure of the power which he resolved to oppose, and constructed a dyke "whose lofty mounds and strong embankments," says Wilkinson, "turned the water to the eastward, and effectually confined the river to its new bed." The dyke was doubtless shown to Abraham, in whose day the diversion of the river was as old a story as the account of Joan of Arc or Jack Cade is to us. This is taking the very mildest calculation of the antiquity of Menes. And in the reign of Mœris, farther on, was formed an artificial lake, measuring, according to Herodotus, four hundred and fifty miles in circumference, and three hundred feet in depth. This huge lake was fed by the Nile through artificial channels; it received and stored a portion of the annual overflow, and, when that subsided, regurgitated upon the river by all the channels, prolonging the times of refreshing, and extending the fertilizing influence to land that, without the aid of art, would be absolutely barren, and, no doubt, was barren before the days of Mœris. Herodotus, and those who closely followed him, were wrong, it is now thought, in supposing that this immense lake was wholly a work of art. There was probably a natural basin to suggest the scheme, but this was greatly increased; and all the feeding streams, the arteries and veins of the system, were undoubtedly artificial. These last had their flood-gates, dams, and locks, and were managed with the greatest skill.

The mass of masonry in the Great Pyramid, according to Bunsen, measures 82,111,000 feet, and would weigh 6,316,000 tons. The dimensions of the separate stones are not very great, but the quantity raised shows with what readiness these old workmen did their quarrying. And they not only got this stone out, but tooled and laid it with some skill. Mr. Kenrick, speaking of the casing of the Great Pyramid, says: "The joints are scarcely perceptible, and not wider than the thickness of silver-paper; and the cement so tenacious that fragments of the casing-stones still remain in their original position, notwithstanding the lapse of so many centuries, and the violence by which they were detached. All the fine work of the interior passages, where granite is not expressly mentioned, is of the same stone"—to wit, the limestone of the Mokattam quarries—"and finished with the same beautiful exactness." But the skill in quarrying was displayed more in the extracting of the huge blocks out of which obelisks and colossal statues were hewn. Obelisks ninety and statues forty feet high, each fashioned out of one stone, were not uncommon things; and the blocks selected for these monuments were not chance splinters from barbarous efforts of splitting and smashing, but clean slices, separated *secundum artem*, from the native rock, after being selected and accurately defined. And how was this done? By driving in huge iron wedges? No, indeed; that would probably have split the stone. By infinite labor, then, in chiseling and sawing? Pooh! the old Egyptians knew a trick somewhat cleverer than that; they cut a small groove along the whole length of, say, one hundred feet, and in this inserted a number of dry wooden wedges; then they poured water into the groove, and the wedges, expanding simultaneously and with great force, broke away the huge fragment as neatly as a strip of glass is taken off by a diamond. They had a way, too, of moving about these vast monoliths which we, with all appliances and means to boot, would find it hard to imitate.

Now such work would have been very astonishing, even if it had ended in Cyclopean savagery, like Stonehenge; but we know very well that it ended in nothing of the kind. The separation from the native rock was but the beginning of artistic treatment. Every fragment, great or small, had its billet, and was taken off to undergo a series of transformations; the least that could happen to any one being to be plain wrought, and then set with consummate skill in a building. Twenty years ago it would have been wise to say little or nothing of the Labyrinth, notwithstanding that Herodotus considered it to be a wonder not second to even the Pyramids. For such have been the destructions and inhumations of this splendid work that nobody believed in the probability of recovering even its site, and not a few were inclined to look upon the whole account as an invention. The French, however, at the end of last century, affirmed that they had found the ruins, and forty years later antiquaries began to test and verify the French work. Gradually it came to be acknowledged that the foundations at least of the Labyrinth might yet be traced, and the labors of the Prussian Commission effected a complete recognition of the remains of this vast building. But there is still much dispute about the purpose and the form of it; and what has been realized is chiefly valuable because it tends to confirm the account given by Herodotus. He tells us that it had three thousand chambers, half of them above the ground and half below, and he goes on to say: "The upper chambers I myself passed through and saw, and what I say concerning them is from my own observation. Of the underground chambers I can only speak from report; for the keepers of the building could not be got to show them, since they contained (as they said) the sepulchres of the kings who built the Labyrinth, and also those of the sacred crocodiles. Thus it is from hearsay only that I can speak of the lower chambers. The upper chambers, however, I saw with my own eyes, and found them to excel all other human productions; for the passages through the houses, and the varied windings of the paths across the courts, excited in me infinite admiration as I passed from the courts into chambers, and from the chambers into colonnades, and from the colonnades into fresh houses, and again from these into courts unseen before. The roof was throughout of stone, like the walls; and the walls were carved all over with figures. Every court was surrounded with a colonnade, which was built of white stones, exquisitely fitted together. At the corner of the Labyrinth stands a pyramid forty fathoms high, with large figures engraved on it, which is entered by a subterranean passage." This is, perhaps, enough to say here concerning a structure of which there is so little now to be seen; but there is another marvelous palace, or temple, or both, at Karnac—a part of what was once Thebes—the grandeur of which a visitor may see for himself. The ground covered by this mass of buildings is nearly square, and the side measures about 1800 English feet. Travelers, one and all, appear to have been unable to find words to express the feelings with which these sublime remains inspired them. They have been astounded and overcome by the magnificence and the prodigality of workmanship here to be admired. Courts, halls, gateways, pillars, obelisks, monolithic figures, sculptures, rows of sphinxes, are massed in such profusion that the sight is too much for modern comprehension.

A STREET IN STRASBOURG.

THE striking sketch on page 729 illustrates the condition of Strasbourg during the progress of the terrific bombardment to which that city was subjected. A correspondent, who entered immediately after the surrender, thus describes the scene:

"On the day I entered Strasbourg with the troops we found nearly all the shops, and many other houses, had planks placed in a sloping position, so as to save the fronts from fragments of shell. This was all that a plank could do. A shell itself would go right through plank, shutters, and all. Most of the inhabitants had retired from the upper rooms into the cellars; and the windows of these places, being small, and on the level of the pavement, had been heaped up with earth; but in some cases tanner's bark served the purpose; in many the straw and dung from the stable had been used. This served to protect them from fragments of projectiles. Many of the streets were filled with articles of furniture, which had been taken out to save them from fires. I find that many people are still living in secluded corners, such as along the banks of the canal. They have a few scraps of kitchen things, with which they cook, and they sleep under planks placed against the wall. Yesterday I saw one woman giving her children their dinner in one of these places. Some families, indeed, had been able to move their furniture to places of safety; and every day you see wagons of it passing back to its old quarters. In one case you see a bundle of valuables going back; in another it is a picture or a time-piece. Parrots and canary-birds might also have been seen going back to their old abodes now that the danger is past. I saw a melancholy cat sitting among a lot of articles, all that was left of the household to which it belonged. Fire-engines were always in readiness; and there were committees of safety to go about and enforce certain regulations during the siege, some of which were that buckets of water were to be in readiness in every house, with wet cloths and wet straw, to place upon a fire when it first began, so as to stop it in the beginning. No doubt these precautions have made the damage from fire much less than it might have otherwise been."

The illustration was taken at a point where the extreme demolition ceases, and the houses and other buildings still retain something of their former character. On one side may be seen the high sloping roofs with many stories of garret windows, for which Strasbourg is noted; and on the other you see where houses have been, but do not now stand. This condition of things extends from this point away on the right to the Porte des Pierres, nearly a quarter of a mile, and the same on both sides of the streets. Those who have visited Strasbourg since the bombardment say the destruction reminds them of the condition of the streets of Pompeii. More than 400 houses were burned down, 1700 civilians killed or wounded, and 8000 persons made roofless. The estimate of the damage done in the city is set down at 180,000,000 francs, or between $35,000,000 and $40,000,000. The havoc is worst in the Jews' quarter, the fishermen's quarter, St. Nicholas, Finkenmatt, Broglie, and the neighborhood of the Stein Strasse. In the town itself nearly all the principal buildings are reduced to ashes. The prefecture, the Protestant church, the theatre, the museum, the artillery school, infantry barracks, military magazine, railway station, and, worst of all, the library, with its invaluable contents, have been entirely destroyed. The citadel, with arsenal and church, is no more. The grammar-school is likewise severely damaged.

WOUNDED SOLDIERS AT VERSAILLES.

THE magnificent palace of Versailles, once the residence of the BOURBON kings of France, and dedicated since their fall to the exhibition of historical and national glories, is now converted into a German military hospital under the red-cross flag. Its picture-galleries, as may be seen by the illustration on page 732, are filled with the low iron bedsteads of the wounded soldiers, placed on the floor beneath the long array of portraits and battle-paintings which adorn the walls; and the surgeons, nurses, Sisters of Charity, and servants of the hospital pass to and fro, attending to those in need. Convalescent patients, some of them cripples, others with bandaged heads, lounge in the gardens, upon the grand terrace or the lawns, to enjoy the fresh air and sunshine.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE Cincinnati Industrial Exposition of 1870 has been a great success. Even its most sanguine friends were astonished at the intense interest which was awakened in the community concerning it, and which was kept up, undiminished, to the very last moment when the grand display was open to the public. For twenty-eight days the curious from Ohio and adjoining States, and not a few from distant sections of the country, wandered through the crowded halls of the Exposition, not merely as superficial observers, but intent on understanding the uses of all the new, strange, and beautiful things on exhibition. About 400,000 visitors were admitted during the four weeks, and the receipts amounted to about $50,000. A noticeable feature was the immense number of children who thronged the place; and yet, though in the midst of buzzing saws, revolving wheels, and the working of ponderous machinery, no accident occurred to any one, so far as known. Cincinnati may well congratulate herself on the results of this Exposition.

During the recent earthquake, which shook with more or less gentleness various sections of our country, a Boston school-teacher reassured her pupils by remarking, coolly, "Girls, shut the doors and windows—it's only an earthquake." Whether shutting doors and windows is the best thing for us to do in case of an earthquake, may be a question. Nor are we, in this latitude, likely to experience such violent convulsions of this nature as to make it necessary for us to devote much time to the consideration of the question. Negatively it may be asserted that it is *not* a good plan to jump out of a fourth-story window, and screaming is entirely useless. It is said that in Peru, when an earthquake is felt, people fall on their faces, and so remain until the shock has subsided. It is to be hoped that we shall not be obliged to test the advantages of this or any other method of avoiding shocks. We may reasonably believe that no very disastrous earthquakes will rend this section of the country, and that quiet self-possession will enable us to meet the slight shocks that may come from time to time.

The game laws of this State positively prohibit hunting, shooting, or trapping on Sunday, under the penalty of twenty-five dollars fine, and twenty days' imprisonment. Half the fine goes to the informer. Quail-shooting is prohibited in Kings, Queens, Suffolk, and Richmond counties at any time for the next two years.

The highest military decoration of Russia is the Order of St. George. This has been conferred by the Czar upon Baron Von Moltke.

It has been suggested that in the event of the siege of Paris being prolonged until provisions grow scarce, it may be worth while for the friends of the besieged to consider whether food could not be dropped from balloons by means of parachutes into the city. Large quantities of Liebig's extract of beef might descend in this manner, and would be very acceptable when every thing else is eaten up.

A good deal has been said recently about the so-called "Sleeping Beauty"—a case which has been brought before the public at several different times. The details are familiar to most of our readers. A young woman, twenty-nine years old, residing in Tennessee, is said to have slept most of the time for the last twenty-one years, awaking to consciousness for brief intervals several times during the day and night. She appears in good health, though certain paroxysms attend her awakenings. She has lately been taken to St. Louis, and a committee of physicians were appointed to investigate her case. Inquiry disclosed that she had taken no medicine, nor adopted any measures for relief for many years, and remedies which were suggested were declined. It was proposed to watch the case for forty-eight consecutive hours, which was also declined. Means were procured, however, by which the case could be observed in the night by persons selected by the committee, and their report concludes as follows: "Having given the case considerable time and as much care as the means at our disposal would permit, we respectfully submit the unanimous opinion that it is a case of collusion, misrepresentation, and systematic pretending, for the purpose of deceiving, which may have originally been prompted by some morbid condition of the nervous system."

The jackdaws and pigeons which have been accustomed to occupy the old tower of New Church of Strasbourg have clung to their home in spite of all the dangers which have threatened them. The great roof of the Protestant Gymnasium, which was formerly a Dominican cloister, has for years been the meeting-place of numerous Strasbourg storks previous to their departure to a milder clime. They usually gathered in August, and noisily chattered about their contemplated journey. This year, it is said, they left town earlier than usual, having been frightened from their usual resorts by the German soldiers.

Prevention is better than cure. Therefore it is well to remember that one should never enter a sick-room while in a state of perspiration, nor with an empty stomach, as in such conditions of the body one is specially liable to contract disease.

The following list of the principal sieges which Paris has suffered will give a condensed idea of its history in a military point of view:

53 B.C.—The Romans fought a successful battle outside the city, and then entered it.

463 A.D.—Childeric I. drove out the Romans.

845.—The Normans pillaged and burned the city.

887.—Charles the Fat surrendered the city to Normans after a twelvemonth's siege.

1358.—The Dauphin, afterward Charles V., laid siege to Paris without success, and the attempt of Edward III. in the following year was attended with a similar result.

1420.—The English troops captured the city, and held it for sixteen years, notwithstanding the attempt of Charles VII. to reduce it in 1427.

1464.—The Count of Charolais attempted its capture and failed.

1536.—The Emperor Charles V. of Germany likewise failed to capture it.

1593.—Paris sustained a memorable siege during the civil war, and opened its gates to Henry IV. in the following year.

1814.—The allied troops occupied Paris, and re-established the monarchy under Louis XVIII.

1815.—After the battle of Waterloo the allied troops again captured the city, and occupied it for three years.

1870.—The Germans attempt its capture, with what result remains to be seen.

The Legislature of Massachusetts has passed a law, making provision for giving free instruction in industrial or mechanical drawing to pupils in the day or evening schools who are over fifteen years old. Every town containing more than ten thousand inhabitants is required to make the necessary arrangements for such instruction, and smaller towns are recommended to do so.

An interesting feature of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum of this city is the recent establishment of a School of Industry, in which those boys who are willing receive instruction in some trade, so that when they are discharged from the asylum they are competent mechanics. The first experiment was made with a boot and shoe factory, in which there are now eleven boys to work, under an experienced shoemaker as their teacher. They not only make all the boots and shoes needed at the asylum, but work for outside customers. This shoe factory commenced in May, 1869, and during the first twelve months has done work to the value of $1698. Since then a printing-office has been established, and bookbinding will shortly be introduced. The boys are allowed to share in the proceeds of their work, and receive a certain proportion each week in cash.

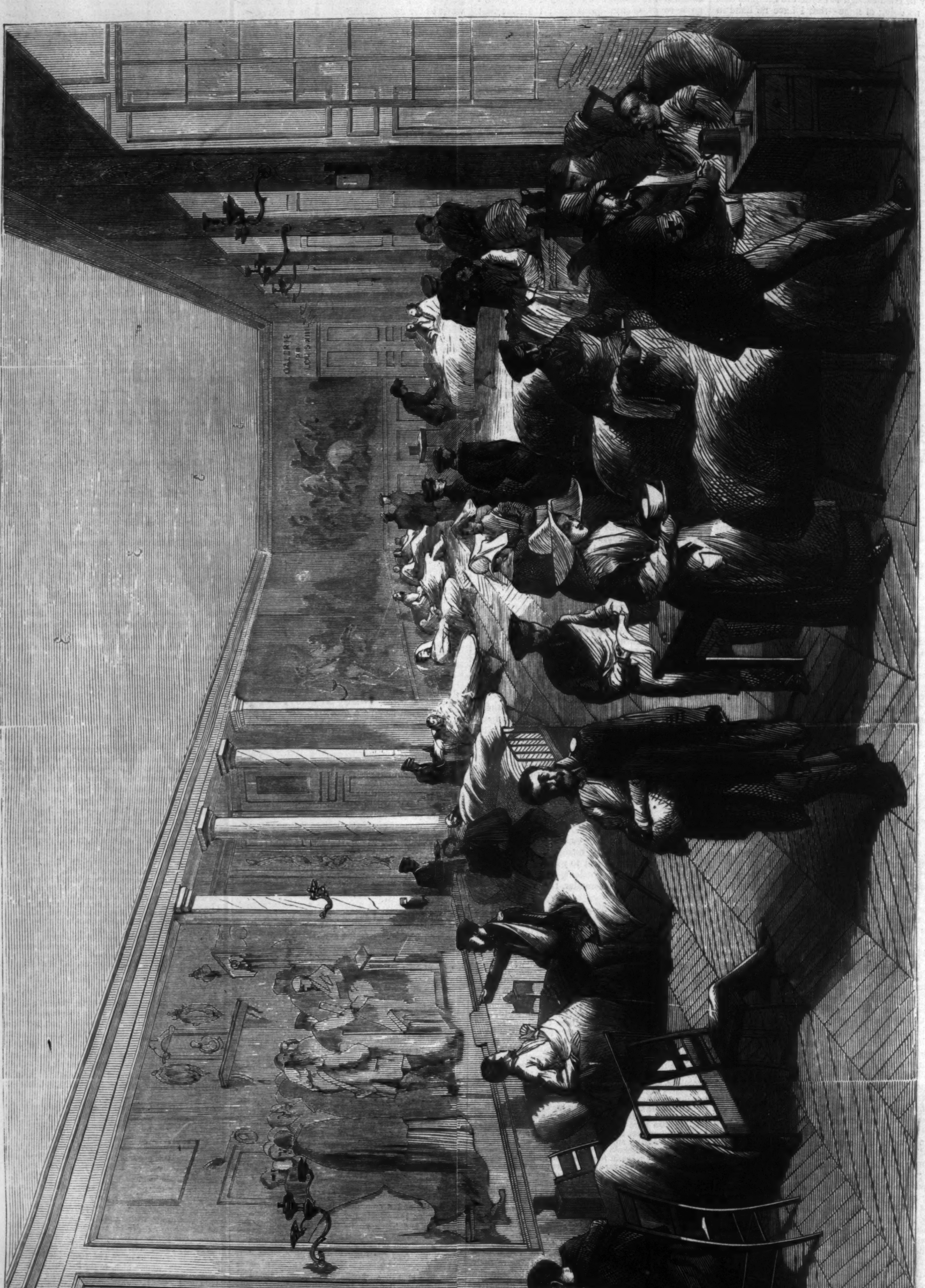
During the past year the Maze, or Labyrinth, in the Central Park has been completed. This comprises within its inclosure 3700 feet of gravel-walk, and 2250 trees as borders to the walk. An attempt to reach the central point is somewhat amusingly difficult to a stranger.

A recent number of a German paper contains a comparison of the losses sustained in some of the principal European battles during the last two centuries. From this it appears that Borodino, Leipsic, Waterloo, and Metz are the four bloodiest battles recorded. At Leipsic 460,000 combatants were engaged, and the losses amounted to 93,000; during three engagements around Metz 450,000 was the number of French and German forces, and the losses were estimated at 90,000. A writer in the journal referred to, in speaking of this awful slaughter, remarks:

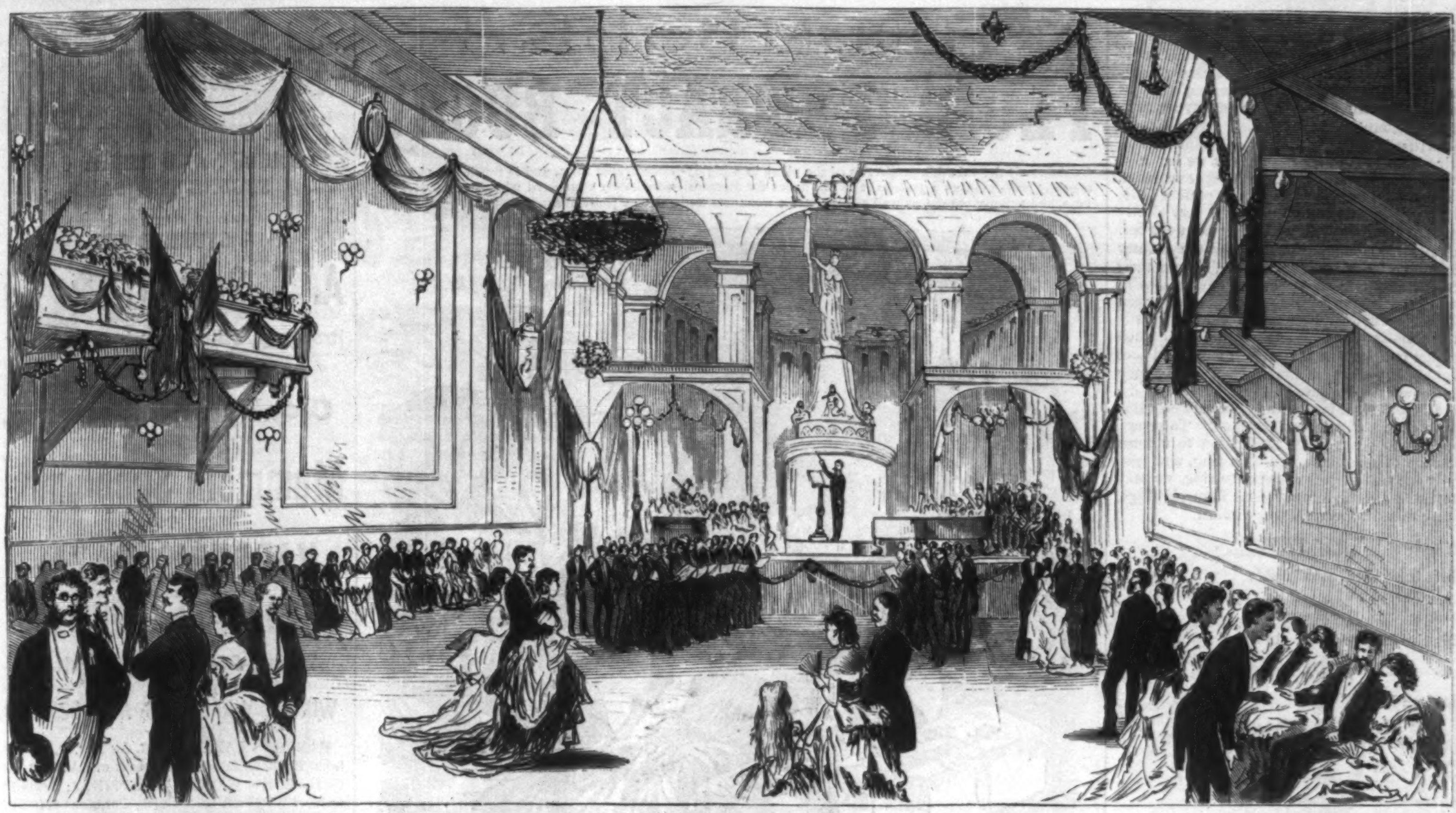
"When will cease this warring—this fearful necessity, abhorred by all nations, but still used by all; damned by every statesman, though evaded by none! Our weapons have already attained a state of perfection which in power of destruction leaves nothing more to be wished, and yet, doubtless, after the war, will be still further improved. Even now our bombs, shrapnels, mitrailleuses, and needle-guns devour so much human flesh that scarcely the greatest nation can afford to make war longer than four weeks. What will be the result when more improvements are introduced, and when, by means of our rapidity of movement, it will cost, at least, a third more human flesh than it does now?"

In 1866 the cinchona or quinine plant was introduced into Jamaica for cultivation. At the close of the following year the number of young plants had so increased that it was thought desirable to convert a forest of six hundred acres on the Blue Mountains into a cinchona plantation. This plantation is situated above five thousand feet above the sea level, and, having a good soil, and being well watered, the experiment has proved remarkably successful. The commercial and sanitary value of this plant is well known.

Occasionally a "real lord" becomes impatient of the restraints of his position, and attempts to adopt the life of "common folks." This was the case with Lord Ockham, Byron's grandson, and heir to his father's earldom of Lovelace. After a great deal of strange and troublesome conduct, Lord Ockham took regular employ in the yard of Mr. Scott Russell, the eminent London ship-builder. On one occasion, having need of money for the purchase of some instruments, he wrote to his grandmother, Lady Noel Byron, for the required sum, which was promptly supplied. The check was drawn to the order of Viscount Ockham, and he, accordingly, in his workman's dress, walked into a great London banking-house and presented it. The clerk glanced at it, and then handed it back, saying, "It is drawn to order, and needs his lordship's indorsement;" upon which, to the indignation of the clerk, the rough mechanic seized a pen and scribbled "Ockham" on the back. The scandalized clerk immediately signaled the constable in attendance to arrest the forger, as he supposed, and the culprit was confronted with a partner. The clerk explained the circumstance. "Well," replied the offender, to the clerk's astonishment, "I am Lord Ockham." The partner, who knew the family and the peculiar circumstances of the case well, looked steadily at the young man for a minute, and then said to the clerk, "Yes, it is quite right; pay the check." Lord Ockham, at the time of his death, was engaged to a young girl of highly respectable antecedents, in humble life, whose parents were almost to the last ignorant of the real position of the suitor.



WOUNDED SOLDIERS IN THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES.—[See Page 731.]



ITALIAN JUBILEE IN NEW YORK—CELEBRATING THE LIBERATION OF ROME.

ITALIAN UNITY.

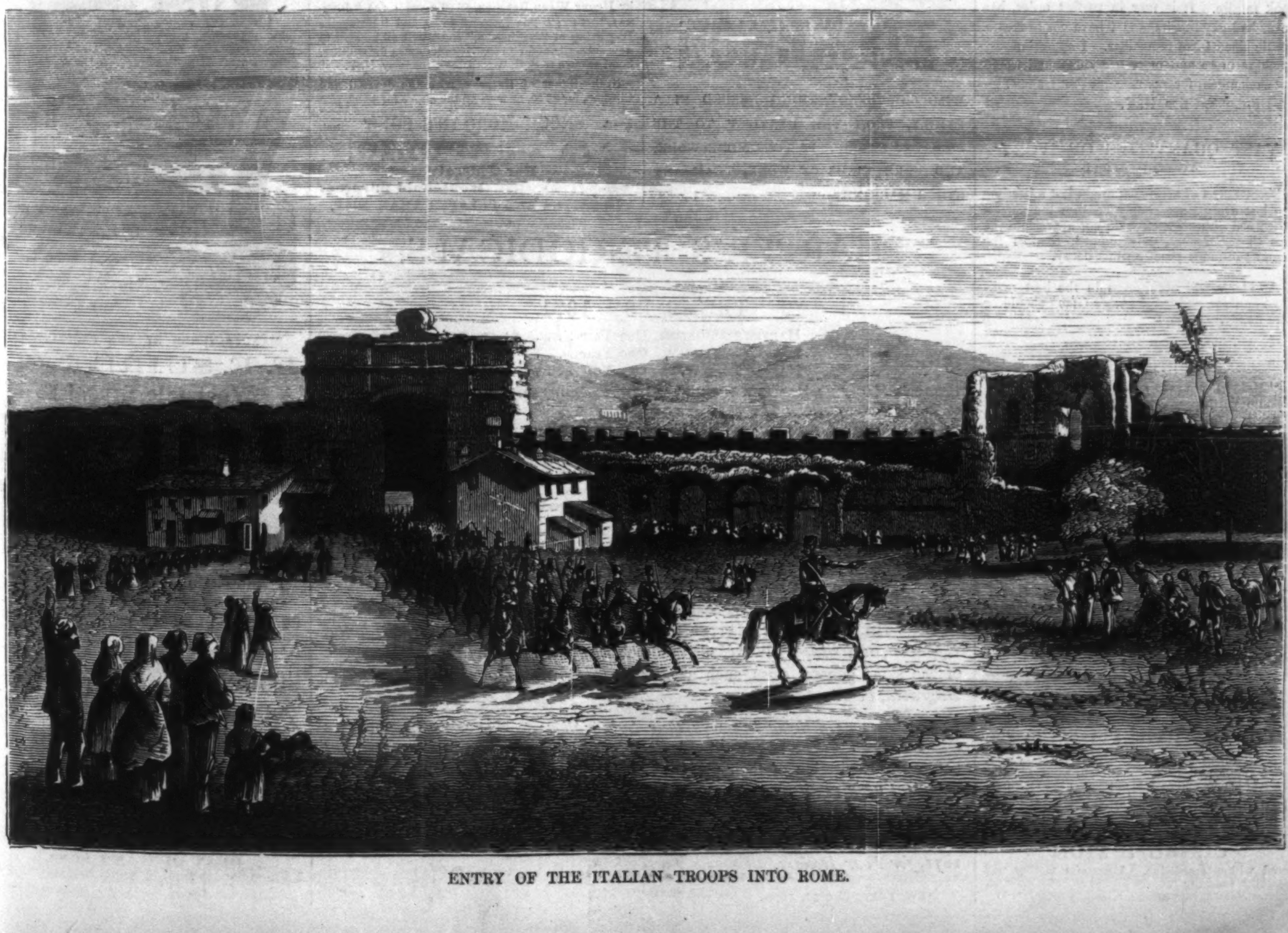
THE Italians residing in New York held a festival in Apollo Hall on the evening of October 28, to celebrate the liberation of Rome and the consequent unification of Italy under one government. The hall was tastefully decorated with flags and flowers, and a colossal pictorial representation of free Italy towered over the platform where the speakers of the evening were assembled. The speeches were all in the same spirit of enthusiastic congratulation; and though an unfortunate and ill-timed attack upon the personal character and national policy of VICTOR EMANUEL by one of the speakers threatened for a moment to disturb its harmony, the festival passed in the most agreeable manner. Among the attractions of the evening was the singing of a fine martial chorus, composed expressly for the occasion by Signor BARILI. Our artist has chosen this as the subject of his illustration.

THE LIBERATION OF ROME.

THE entry of the main body of the Italian troops into the city of Rome, which forms the subject of an illustration on this page, took place at the Porta San Giovanni, where the attack was directed by General ANGIOLETTI. At the same time General BIXIO attacked the western gate, called Porta San Pancrazio, by which the French took the city in 1849, while the rest of the army attacked Porta San Lorenzo, Porta Pia, and a part of the city wall between Porta Pia and Porta Salara, close to the Villa Bonaparte, where the Papal Zouaves had taken up their position. The garrison, not including some of the Pope's Italian troops who refused to fight, numbered above 9000 men—the Zouaves, the carabineers, the Antibes legion, the dragoons, the squadriglieri (said to be recruited from the inmates of prisons), and the gens d'armes; but it is probable that not more than half of these were actually engaged. They were Frenchmen, Bavarians, Swiss, and Belgians. The gates of the city were barricaded and fortified by ramparts of earth, as in 1867, when GARIBALDI was expected to attack them.

The defense was commanded by the General Baron KANZLER, a German officer holding the post of pro-Minister of War. The garrison had sixty pieces of artillery; and the walls, forming a complete circuit of thirteen miles about the city, are of great height and thickness, and of solid brick masonry, having been erected, for the most part, in the times of the ancient Roman empire, chiefly in the reign of AURELIAN. Nevertheless, they could not long withstand the attack of a modern army bringing up all its batteries within eighty yards of the city walls and gates. The artillery fire of the besiegers, which began at five o'clock in the morning, was accompanied by a sharp interchange of musket bullets, with loss of life on both sides, between the Papal Zouaves and the Italian bersaglieri and troops of the line. This went on till about ten o'clock in the forenoon, by which time each division of the Italian forces had succeeded in destroying a gate or opening a breach, and was enabled thereby to force its way into the city, without much resistance of hand-to-hand fighting.

By orders of the Pope, expressly given to General KANZLER, the Papal troops capitulated as soon as the Italians entered the city. They gave up their arms, and were sent away from Rome, next day, to the port of Civita Vecchia, whence they were conveyed by sea to Marseilles. The castle of St. Angelo was consigned to Italian troops. One division of the Italian army remained to occupy Rome; the rest were conducted to other parts of the country. The Romans have voted in favor of their union with the kingdom of Italy. The Pope still remains at the Vatican, having published, through Cardinal ANTONELLI, his protest against these proceedings. The Roman nobles, with Prince BORGHESE at their head, seem to acquiesce in the change of government.



ENTRY OF THE ITALIAN TROOPS INTO ROME.

WEDDING-RING RHYMES.

"THE merit of having writ a posy of a ring." It appears that Mr. Richard Steele uses this expression in irony, and as if Mr. Spectator thought there was little merit in having writ a posy of a ring. There is, however, a charm about some of these posies that is engendered of their quaintness and their pith. It is with pleasure that we see them revived on many of the wedding-rings exposed in the windows of the jewelers at this present time. The immediate derivation of posy is very clearly from poesie or poesy, the *e* having been cut out. But posy is commonly applied by the country people to a large or small bunch of flowers their gardens afford in plenty in the gay seasons of spring and summer. Bowpot is another word applied to a homely bouquet, or bunch of rustic garden flowers. The analogy to the French bouquet is close, and it has been suggested that beau-pot is, perhaps, a more correct orthography than bowpot. However, in whichever way the word is spelled, it is at this day in very common use in certain districts of England. To revert, however, to posy, in its application to a short sentence of verse inscribed on a ring, and generally the wedding or a keepsake ring, we may quote a few of these inscriptions from old rings, dating from the year 1506 downward.

"Death never parts
Such loving hearts."

There is another, equally old:

"Love and respect
I doe expect."

This also is from a very old ring:

"In God and thee
Shall my joy be."

Later we have:

"Divinely knitt by Grace are wee,
Lately two, now one, the pledg here see."
B. and A., 1657.

"Love and live happy."—1689.

"Happy in thee
Hath God made me."

"God did decree
Our unitie."

Of a still later date is a punning one:

"Endles as this
Shall be our bliss."
THOMAS BLISS, 1719.

Most of these couplets are strongly imbued with the spirit of loyalty—to wit, under date 1646:

"I love the rod,
And thee, and God."

Which shows a spirit of feminine subjection now rather uncommon. But all the devotion was not on one side, for we find on another old ring:

"I doe rejoice
In thee, my choice."

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